

TOMORROW

Defender...
Bernard Levin takes up his duelling-pen to defend the honour of theatre critics.
... of the faith
As the Jesuits prepare to choose a new leader, Peter Nichols looks at the strained relations between this most formidable Roman Catholic order and the Vatican.
Chips
Computer Horizons gets into the electronic camera battle and finds the British system that won't break down.
... with everything
Complete coverage of the big Bank Holiday sports programme.

Last of the summer warmth

Bank holiday trippers have been out enjoying what could be the last of the summer. The London Weather Centre says the sunshine should last a few more days but by the end of the week the weather will change.

Wary response to Soviet offer

Initial Western reaction to Mr Andropov's offer to scrap some SS20 missiles is that the Russians are merely disclosing their true negotiating position, rather than making a fundamental shift.

Happy carnival

Six people were arrested for minor offences and a policeman playing football was injured, but the Notting Hill carnival got off to a happy start in the streets of West London.

Rally re-enacted

Some 250,000 re-enacted the Martin Luther King "I have a dream" rally, but it was wholly different from the historic event 20 years ago.

Home sale fears

Owners of council built, airy-type homes could find that their homes are undesirable because of serious structural defects.

Bhutto protest

Opponents of the martial law regime in Pakistan have been prevented from holding a demonstration and march at the shrine of former Prime Minister Bhutto.

Train death

Police questioned two men after the death of Lucille John, aged 15, of Bristol, who fell from a train near Birmingham on Saturday.

Angola rebuff

President Dos Santos of Angola, in an interview, rejected any deal over Namibia involving the withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola.

£1m jewel haul

Jewelry worth £1m was stolen from a large country house at Rogate, an isolated village near Midhurst, West Sussex.

Polish surprise

In an unusual move, Poland broadcast the full text of a speech by Lech Walesa in which he called for union talks with the government.

New record

The world record of Steve Ovett in the 1500 metres has been broken by Sydney Maree, of the United States, in a time of 3min 31.24sec.

England held up

New Zealand were 167-5 at close of play in the fourth Cornhill Test against England at Trent Bridge and have to make 344 to win today.

Shame

As violence erupts again in Pakistan, *The Times* presents three extracts from Booker Prize-winning Salman Rushdie's new novel, *Shame*, which takes as its background the feud between President Zia and the late Prime Minister Bhutto. The first part appears in *Spectrum* today. Page 8.

Leader page 11
Letters: On alternative medicine, from Professor D J Weatherall, FRS; Sutton Hood, from Mr N A Kerr.
Leading articles: Mr Begin; Mr Thatcher; America's Cup.
Features pages 8-10
The doubts over Reagan's second term; The church with a health problem; *Spectrum: Shame* - part one. *Modern Times*; *Bitten* by the dogs.
Obituary, page 12
Mr A L Eastman

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Begin under pressure to stay as Premier

From Christopher Walker, Jerusalem

Mr Menachem Begin, the ailing 70-year-old Prime Minister of Israel, was under intense political pressure last night to reverse his surprise decision to resign.

Police were rushed to his residence to control crowds demonstrating for him to stay in power, while senior ministers continued trying to persuade the increasingly introverted and depressed leader to think again.

If they fail, it is probable that Israel will be thrust into a bitterly divisive election campaign within the next few months, in which the future of the occupied West Bank will be a central issue.

Even before any final decision has emerged, one deputy minister called yesterday for the general election to be brought forward from 1985 to next spring.

Leaders of the various factions in the right-wing Likud coalition are due to meet Mr Begin this morning in a last ditch attempt to dissuade him from handing his letter of resignation to the president.

But those closest to the Prime Minister seemed sceptical about the chances of success. One Cabinet source quoted the Prime Minister as admitting privately: "I do not feel I am functioning as a man should who bears the responsibilities I do."

In recent years, Mr Begin has suffered two heart attacks and a minor stroke. Both during and after the invasion of Lebanon in June 1982 he has been bitterly criticised inside Israel for failing to exercise a proper grip over his ministers, especially the former Defence Minister, Mr Ariel Sharon.

Under Israeli law, the resignation of a prime minister leads automatically to the resignation of his Cabinet, which then becomes an interim government while the president tries to secure the appointment of a new one with a majority in the Knesset.

To secure a new general election, a simple Knesset majority is needed, and it is thought that Likud deputies will try to secure this, to prevent any attempt by Labour to form an alternative administration.

A deliberate air of mystery surrounded Mr Begin's reasons for deciding to quit only days

before the Army's scheduled redeployment in Lebanon.

Two senior ministers described them as personal, leading to speculation that they are connected to depression resulting from his wife's death last year and continuing losses in Lebanon.

Mr Begin has looked gaunt and given even his closest aides the impression that he has lost the stomach for political battle. He cancelled an important trip to Washington in July again for unexplained personal reasons, and has only appeared once before a foreign audience in Israel in the past six months.

Only a few weeks ago, Israeli officials turned down an invitation that Mr Begin should visit Liberia to mark the resumption of diplomatic relations. It was explained that his physical state was not up to the rigours of the journey.

Mr Begin's political bombshell was delivered without warning to the regular weekly session of the Cabinet, which had been expected to discuss economic measures.

It plunged the country into a political crisis and raised the prospect of an end to an historic era in the Middle East which opened with Mr Begin's election victory in 1977.

Ministers seemed stunned by the declaration, although the Prime Minister announced several years ago his intention of leaving public life at the age of 70. Each of the 20 members present requested him to stay at his post.

There was pandemonium outside the building as busy secret service men attempted to restrain journalists hoping to secure an explanation of what would happen next.

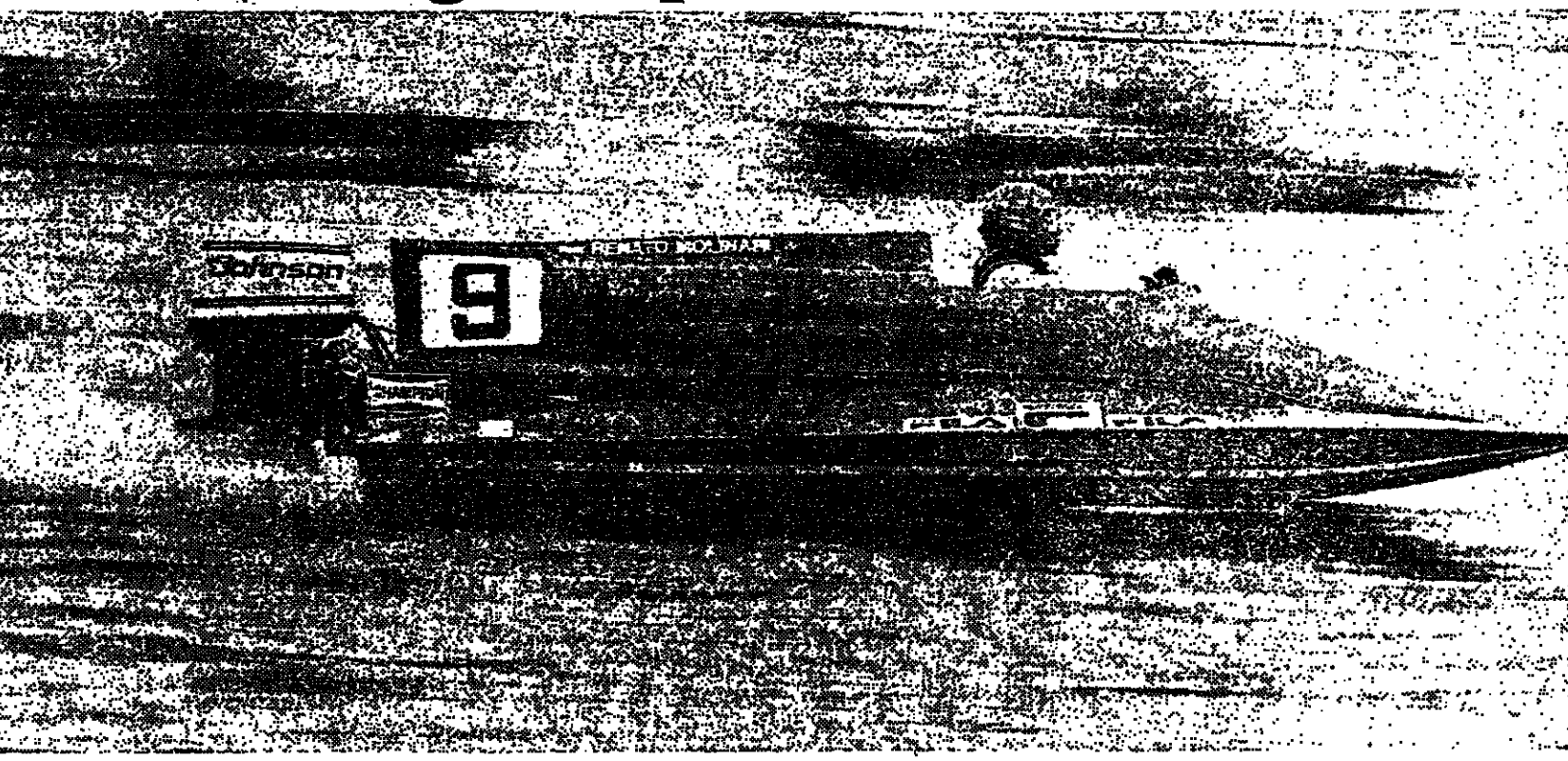
Menachem Begin is not Machiavelli. When he says something he means it," explained the Prime Minister's spokesman, Mr Uri Porat, who then added archly: "But he can change his mind."

Ministers appeared to be clutching their hearts but they were informed that he would make no promises about a change of heart.

By nightfall, Israeli commentators were convinced that Mr Begin had serious personal

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Powerboat grand prix skims over dockland



Claudio Franzol, of Italy, competing in the UK Powerboat Grand Prix at the Royal Victoria Dock, London, yesterday. (Photograph by John Voors.) *Molnari* crowned, page 15.

Hijackers threaten to blast plane

Bahrain (Reuters) - Four hijackers holding an Air France jet at Tehran airport have demanded that France cease military aid to the governments of Chad, Iraq and Lebanon and release Lebanese prisoners from French jails. Iran's national news agency, Irna, said last night.

The hijackers, who had identified themselves as Lebanese, threatened to dynamite the aircraft if their demands were not met within 48 hours. Some 20 passengers and seven crew are believed to be on board the aircraft, hijacked on a flight from Vienna to Paris on Saturday. The hijackers are said to be armed with guns and hand grenades.

Speaking through an Arabic interpreter, who had gone on board the aircraft, they asked Iraq to declare its support for them or provide fuel to enable them to fly on.

Iran said one of the hijackers had left the aircraft for talks with a Foreign Ministry official.

The French chargé d'affaires, M. Jean-Pierre, said the crew were believed to be in good health.

The Iranian Foreign Ministry earlier identified the hijackers as Tunisians. In Austria, an Interior Ministry spokesman said they boarded the Boeing 727 carrying Tunisian passports, which were suspected forgeries. Tunisians can enter Austria without visas.

The aircraft flew to Iran from Damascus, where it landed after a stop in Catania, Sicily.

It had flown first to Geneva, where it was refuelled and 37 of the 111 passengers were released. Another 55 passengers were allowed off in Sicily and a sick hostess was taken off in Damascus.

At Geneva one of the hijackers flew through the cockpit window at troops who had surrounded the aircraft. No one was hit.

One of the passengers, Mr Karim Isacker, said: "When they announced that they were taking over the plane, there was panic, with a lot of people trying to hide themselves under their seats as if there was shooting."

"But the hijackers were calm and cool."

Thatcher challenged on Alliance status

By Anthony Bevins, Political Correspondent

Dr David Owen, leader of the Social Democratic Party, last night challenged the Prime Minister to drop the "shabby conspiracy" under which the Government took every opportunity to handicap the Alliance in its efforts to replace Labour as the only credible opposition to the Conservatives.

Referring to Mrs Margaret Thatcher's remarks in *The Director* last week, in which she said that any "true opposition" would have to present policies within the framework of free enterprise, Dr Owen said: "The Government will have to stop the farce of pretending that the Labour Party is the only opposition."

He warned that the Alliance parties had given Mrs Thatcher ample notice that they would not tolerate Labour's Westminster monopoly over the allocation of opposition supply day debates in the Commons and that the election result should force a change in the distribution of party political broadcasts for this year.

But Dr Owen also complained bitterly of the Prime Minister's decision to reject a Social Democratic Party nomination for the Dissolution Honours and a standing refusal to allow SDP representation at the Remembrance Day service at the Cenotaph.

Dr Owen told *The Times*: "The test of whether she will become a Prime Minister, as opposed to a party leader, will be in the way that she handles these simple issues of political justice and fair play."

"Now that Mrs Thatcher has confirmed that the two Alliance parties are likely to form the only credible opposition for the future, she must act as she speaks."

"It ought to be the Prime Minister, now in her second term of office, with a big majority, ought not to be afraid of us; she ought to welcome us."

Dr Owen said that the Prime Minister now appeared to accept that there would have been no question of the Social Democrats remaining within the Labour Party in order to change it; the

view she expressed during the election.

He said those remarks had been "the most shameful and misguided" made by Mrs Thatcher during the entire campaign.

"One of the saddest things over the last few months," he said, "has been to watch the growing queue of Labour MPs, many of them former cabinet ministers, who now openly admit that they fought on an election manifesto that they did not believe in, on major aspects of policy that affect the well being of our country."

Mrs Thatcher by saying that the Social Democrats should have stayed with Labour had come



Dr Owen and Mrs Thatcher: 'fair play'

close to saying that politicians should put party before country.

He said that Mrs Thatcher's reaction to Alliance demands would be a test of her national leadership; it suited the Conservatives to have "a wholly ineffective Labour Party" in control of opposition debating opportunities in the Commons, just as it suited them to deny the Alliance parties the same number of party political broadcasts as Labour in spite of the fact that they had won a near-parity of votes.

"With 3.5 million votes in the election," Dr Owen said, "the SDP were Britain's fourth largest political party and ought to be treated as such on all formal occasions."

"The conspiracy of the two old political parties became obvious during the election. That it should continue after the election, subtly attempting to disregard 7.5 million Alliance votes, is a negation of democracy."

BAOR visit, page 2

Scargill peace view backed by Kinnock

By Our Political Correspondent

Mr Neil Kinnock, the favourite contender for the Labour leadership, yesterday endorsed the view of Mr Arthur Scargill, the miners' leader, that President Reagan and Mrs Margaret Thatcher posed a threat to world peace.

In an interview on TV-am's *Good Morning Britain* programme, Mr Kinnock was asked for a reaction to Mr Scargill's weekend speech in Moscow, when he had said: "The most dangerous duo, President Ray-gun and the plutonium blonde, Margaret Thatcher, jointly present a threat to world peace."

Mr Kinnock commented: "I think Mrs Thatcher poses a threat to world stability because of her attitude, her control over her Government and the absence of opposition within her Government to moderate her attitude."

When he was asked whether he considered the Soviet Union a greater threat than the United States or Britain, he said: "There is an almost miserable equity of threat."

But Mr Kinnock drew the line at remarks made by another left-wing colleague, Mr Kenneth Livingstone, leader of the Greater London Council, who had said on Friday that Britain's treatment of Ireland over 800 years has been worse than the Nazi persecution of the Jews.

Mr Kinnock, who is Labour's spokesman on education, said: "It does not really deserve comment by me because it is actually such a misreading of both Irish history and the history of Nazism and the current realities and problems of Ireland as to be extraordinarily eccentric."

"Ken Livingstone might have been speaking extempore or off the cuff, but I do not think he has a sufficient understanding of the

background, nature and depths of the economic, social and political identity and problems of Ireland, or he could not have come out with a statement of that kind", Mr Kinnock said.

Mr Terence Dicks, Conservative MP for Hayes and Harlington, yesterday offered to buy Mr Scargill a single ticket back to the Soviet Union, "on the understanding he remains there" (the

background, nature and depths of the economic, social and political identity and problems of Ireland, or he could not have come out with a statement of that kind", Mr Kinnock said.

During Mr Kinnock's television interview yesterday he was asked by David Frost whether, after five years of a Labour government led by himself, the Royal Family would have changed. Mr Kinnock replied: "No, there is no reason why it should." He said that the present members of the Royal Family made a contribution.

Carrington attacks West's approach to Soviet Union, page 2

Press Association reports). Mr Dicks said: "It was deplorable, and the best thing he can do both for the miners and the rest of this country if he likes the place so much is to go back there - for good."

Miss Betty Boothroyd, Labour MP for West Bromwich West and a member of Labour's National Executive, said: "In totally ignoring Russia's involvement in Afghanistan and Poland he seems to be suffering from selective amnesia in favour of the soviet system."

Mr Nicholas Fairhair, Conservative MP for Perth and Kinross, and former Scottish Solicitor-General, commented: "He has confirmed what all of us have always known, that Socialists are essentially on the side of

Continued on page 2, col 1

Retail sales falter as boom fades

By Derek Harris, Commercial Editor

The fall-off in consumer spending during the middle of August had increased fears in the retail trades that the consumer boom is fizzling out.

The John Lewis Partnership, whose trading revenues from their 20 department stores provide a clear guide to retailing trends, reported during the weekend a steep decline in its rate of sales increase.

In the six months to the end of July, the John Lewis stores saw the value of their sales increase by 17 per cent. However, in the week ending August 20, sales were up only 4.5 per cent.

Sales held at a 16 per cent increase during the first week of the month but in the second week they were up by only 11 per cent.

Mr Colin Peterson, the deputy chairman of British Home Stores and chairman of the Retail Consortium, which represents the majority of Britain's retailers, said: "Spending seems to be dampening down pretty well across the board."

"People are being a little more cautious. Nobody in retailing is talking about a boom at the moment. There are still some real volume gains in sales but they are fairly modest."

The end of the consumer boom is expected to affect Britain's rate of growth.

However, the recent pressures on interest rates to rise again and strong sterling posing problems for exporters, the CBI seems likely to draw back on its growth forecasts.

Ulster may be 42% Catholic

From Our Correspondent, Belfast

The belief among the pro-union Protestants in Northern Ireland that they outnumber the mainly nationalist Roman Catholics in the province by a margin of two to one was challenged by a study published in the Belfast *Sunday News* yesterday.

It shows that the Government's own estimate that Catholics make up only 31.1 per cent of the province's population may be understated by more than 175,000 and that the real percentage of Catholics is 42.7 per cent.

The political implications are obvious with the possibility of Unionists ultimately being outvoted by advocates of a united Ireland being a rather more imminent prospect than even the most pessimistic "loyalist" would predict.

The difficulty in arriving at a

precise religious, and thus political, breakdown of Northern Ireland's population is formidable.

The 1981 national census, on which the Government's "corrected" figure is based, was taken at the height of the Maze Prison hunger strikes and a woman enumerator was shot.

The Provisional IRA persuaded or coerced large sections of the Catholic population into boycotting the census, as a result of which the return from republican areas were incomplete.

In the province-wide official returns only 414,532 people were declared to be Catholics, 28 per cent of the population of almost 1.56 million.

On the basis of the low census returns, particularly from Londonderry, Treasury cost cutters

attempted to reduce the city's rate support grant, which is calculated on a per capita basis.

After protests from the city council the Northern Ireland Office set up a working party to "correct" the census returns. The Government accepted its findings that a further 74,000 should be added in respect of Londonderry's population.

In the *Sunday News* study, registers of Catholic parishes all over Northern Ireland were consulted. That, of course, too, was not without difficulties since four Catholic dioceses and some individual parishes straddle the border.

But by consulting priests with local knowledge and using latest church documents the newspaper arrived at its figure of almost 665,000 Catholic residents, more than 42 per cent.

Basque floods claim more than 30 lives

From Richard Wigg, Bilbao

King Juan Carlos piloted a helicopter over the Basque coast yesterday to see for himself the devastation caused by torrential rains in northern Spain over the weekend. The floods are the worst for many years and the official death toll last night was 33, with many other people missing, feared swept away by the floodwaters.

Sector Felipe Gonzalez, the Spanish Prime Minister, visited the region on Saturday and promised that central government would provide aid appropriate to a natural catastrophe.

Bilbao, a big industrial city and the capital of Vizcaya, the hardest hit Basque province, where 25 bodies were recovered,

was reduced yesterday to organising the basics of existence - drinking water and bread for its more than half a million inhabitants. Only a quarter of this city had any electric power and the gas had been cut off to prevent explosions.

In a main square, with the road covered with inches of mud, gun-boated women with pails took water from the fountains. If they followed the authorities' instructions for protecting health they boiled water twice for 30 minutes. A liden sky hung overhead and it rained intermittently.

Long queues formed at all the bakeries whose shops were open and even at chemist for bottles of mineral water. The police had to intervene at the Bilbao bull ring, an improvised food distribution

centre, telling the crowds to show more discipline.

One woman in the city centre said her family was living on a ration of two bottles of water handed out that morning at the civil governor's office and cold canned food and bread.

In outlying towns and villages which the King also flew over, Air force and civil guard helicopters dropped milk, drinking water and bread and received many requests for candles.

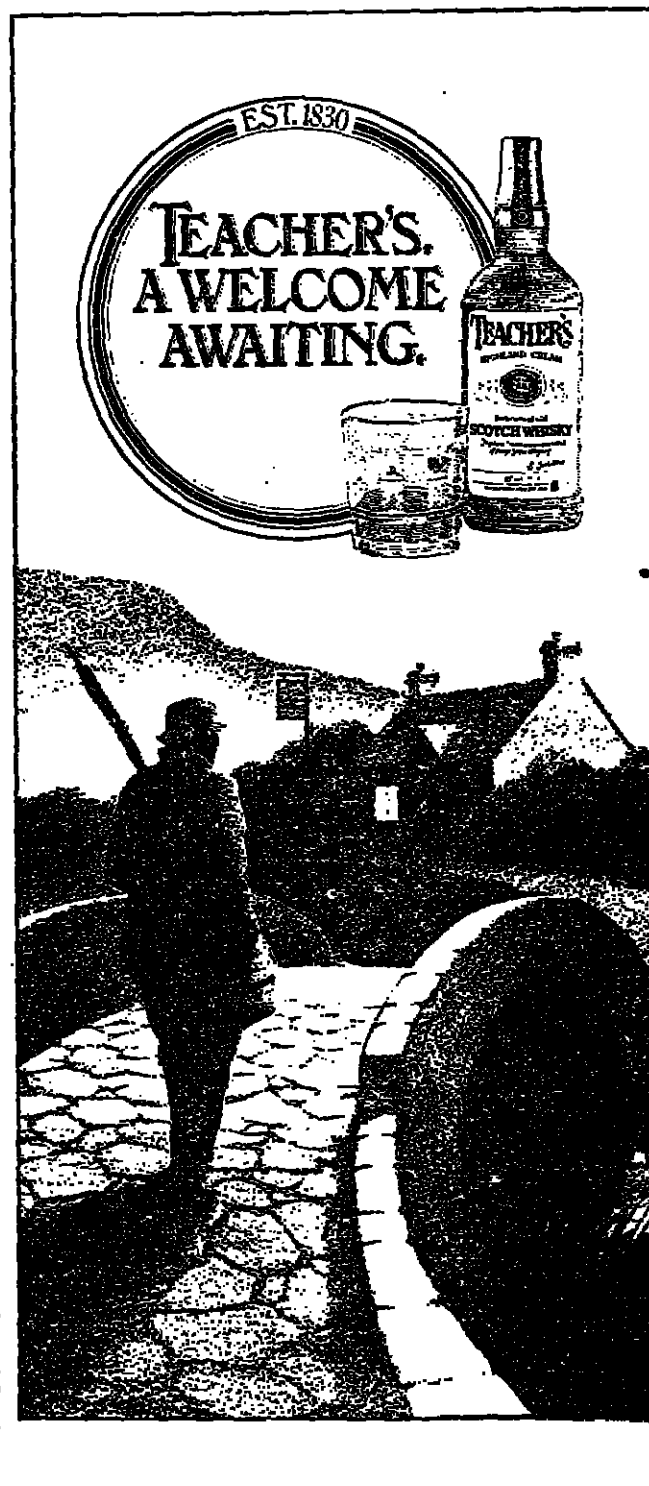
Most of the victims, several of them children, had been swept away as mountain rivers, swelled by mud and fallen trees, tore everything before them. The helicopters had picked up survivors from rooftops or upper storeys in levelling coastal towns. The cause of the downpour was

a cold air stream coming unusually into collision with warm sea air at this time of year in the Bay of Biscay.

Ministers visit Pierre Mauroy, the French Prime Minister and M Gaston Defferre, the Interior Minister, visited the Basque region of France, where five people had died and four are missing (AFP reports).

In Toulouse families of 47 coach passengers expected home from Lisbon on Friday were concerned for their relatives' safety. Telephone links with the Basque region have been cut because of the floods.

Weather forecasters said the worst of the rain was over and that the storms should ease and move westwards.



Celtic saint's head buried in England by visiting author, don says

By Clifford Longley, Religious Affairs Correspondent

The stolen head of a Celtic saint, buried in the back garden of a house in Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, is the hillside that echoes her name, a historian claims.

Mr Colin Richmond, who proposes that extraordinary theory, has an even more bizarre explanation: it was buried there in 1963 by Jorge Luis Borges, Argentina's greatest writer, to honour his grandmother.

Mr Richmond's account of how he came to that unlikely conclusion is a classic piece of historical detective work. He is a history don at Keele University, and he pursued the mystery through obscure archives and long forgotten documents, helped by strange coincidences, until his theory passed two conclusive tests.

He deduced that the head must have been stolen from Fribourg, in Switzerland, on July 10, 1868. The Dean of Fribourg Cathedral confirmed the facts from his records.

He deduced that Señor Borges had taken the head to his grandmother's former home in Stoke when he visited the city 20 years ago. The corpse, who died earlier this year, confirmed to Mr Richmond that indeed the great man had brought a mysterious box with him, and asked permission to bury it there.

And so the head of St Penkelt rests in the shadow of Penkelt as Señor Borges's tribute to Fanny Haslam, his adored English grandmother.

The key to the secret of the

missing head was hidden in the notebooks and papers of Edmund Bishop, the 19th-century scholar, and expert on liturgy and theology with a passion for saints. He was later a leading influence on the Modernist movement in the Roman Catholic church.

Bishop travelled across Europe in 1868, filling notebooks as he went. But he suppressed two suspicious facts about that journey: the first that he had been to Fribourg, and the second that he had met an attractive young woman with whom he appears to have fallen in love, Fanny Haslam.

He wrote to Baron von Hügel, his friend, about her, but his notebooks refer cryptically only to a person called "FH".

They were together in that town in July 10, 1868: the notebooks record that they were on one side on one side of it, in Berne, on July 9, and on the other in Lausanne, on July 11.

Bishop would certainly have visited the cathedral and its museum, as he did wherever he went. He accidentally gave the game away in an article he wrote for the Woolhope Club, a body of Victorian antiquarians. In the proceedings of the club for October, 1868, he wrote: "St Penkelt's head found its way into the cathedral of St Nicholas at Fribourg, where it was until recently."

It seems the couple may have quarrelled, perhaps on that very day the head disappeared. For "FH" disappeared too, from Bishop's notebook and his life.

Fanny Haslam went to Argen-

brated trip to England was The Villas in Stoke. The local newspaper records that he remained in the house some hours.

"It seemed too far-fetched to be true, but that is where the facts had inexorably led me," Mr Richmond says. "I am sure Fanny entrusted it to her beloved grandson. Perhaps he undertook to bring it when he could to what she regarded as its rightful resting place. That he dutifully and in due course did."

He adds: "I rather think it was she who opened the reliquary and carried away St Penkelt's head, impudently perhaps, out of local patriotism possibly, out of sheer high spirits and bravado, and, I suspect, to impress, even to scandalize, the stuffy and proper Edmund."

There may be a final irony. Though Mr Richmond believes that Penkelt takes its name from the Saint, the Oxford Dictionary of place names does not.

Mr Michael Walsh, another church historian, of Heythrop College, London, who is also a native of the Potteries, told the *Times* he is convinced Colin Richmond, Jorge Luis Borges, Fanny Haslam and Edmund Bishop were all mistaken. St Penkelt's origins are unknown, he believes, and she never was in Stoke.

Mr Richmond's amazing tale is told in the *Downside Review*, the journal of Downside Abbey, where Bishop once tried his vocation as a monk, and where some of his papers are preserved. He remained a layman, and he never married.



Setting the pace: school groups in the Notting Hill carnival procession yesterday.

Scout jamboree illness remains a mystery

From Our Correspondent Nottingham

The cause of an illness which affected 200 young people at a world jamboree for 5,000 Scouts, Guides and Cubs at a permanent camp site in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire, last month remains a mystery, in spite of extensive medical tests.

Councillors at Newark will be told this week that on the third day of the gathering at Walsby, several Scouts suffered from vomiting, high temperatures and chest pains. The next day, many more were taken ill and 200 of them were taken to hospital for checks.

Nearly all of those affected had been swimming in the Maun, which flows through the forest. It was placed out of bounds and

main water supplies were checked.

Health officers from Newark District Council found that the camp's sanitary facilities were satisfactory, that the rubbish was being removed regularly and all the kitchens were up to standard. They discovered, however, that only Scouts had been affected. Guides and Cubs, who apparently had not been swimming in the river, were unaffected.

Samples taken from those affected did not, however, produce any clues about the cause, although checks on the river showed a high level of pollution. The Severn-Trent Water Authority said that the pollution was not unusually high for a river into which sewage was discharged.

Happy start to carnival

West London's annual urban fling, the Notting Hill Carnival, began yesterday with high hopes that this year's street parade would be the most peaceful in the event's history.

Police refused to disclose how many officers had been called into the Notting Hill area for the carnival, but said that the figure was substantially lower than last year. The number is being kept to a minimum, although reserves are on hand if events demand them.

Commander John Perrett, head of 2 district, which covers Notting Hill, said: "The carnival went relatively well last year and therefore we are happy using the same sort of tactics with fewer men this year. We hope everybody will have a happy carnival."

For the first time the Metropolitan Police Band was invited to take part in the events.

Airey home-owners find defects make houses unsaleable

By Baron Phillips, Property Correspondent

Thousands of council tenants who are preparing to buy their homes could find themselves the owners of blighted property that will become difficult, and in some cases impossible, to sell.

The properties, such as the Airey-type houses, were built using pre-cast concrete and during the last three years they have been found to be suffering serious structural defects.

The most serious defect is the corrosion of the metal supports which can render the houses unstable and in danger of collapsing.

About 26,000 of these houses were built and 2,000 are already in private ownership through council and nationalized industry sales.

While discounts of up to 60 per cent are being offered to council tenants to tempt them into home ownership, under the Government's right to buy schemes, potential owners should check carefully the condition and type of house they wish to buy from the council.

Shelter, the national campaign for the homeless, is urging tenants to commission a full structural survey of their council home before committing themselves to the purchase.

The organization is already campaigning hard on behalf of a Bristol family who have found it impossible to sell their three bedroom semi-detached Airey-type home despite reducing the asking price from £25,000 to £17,000. Building Societies, like the Yorkshire and the National, are apparently flatly refus-

ing even to consider mortgages on Airey homes.

Mr Michael Berriman, the regional manager of the National and Provincial Building Society, with whom the couple have an existing mortgage on their home, admitted last week that it is the society's practice not to consider lending on the purchase of Airey homes.

The couple, Mr and Mrs Simon Browning of Hengrove, Bristol, are desperate to move. Mr Browning, who has been made redundant five times in the past five years has secured a new job in Redruth, Cornwall, as a government training officer.

For the past six months he has been living during the week in Redruth, spending the weekends with his family. Their inability to sell the family home has put tremendous strains on their finances and they are already heavily in debt.

The Brownings asked Bristol City Council to buy back their home at 129, Fosse Way. Mr Browning adds that unless something happens very quickly he will have to give up his job and go back on the dole.

But the council is refusing to buy back their home. At Mr John Tanner, the director of housing, suggested the reason for was because the family were not previous council tenants.

Mrs Browning said last week that only one building society, the Abbey National, had intimated that it would consider a mortgage on the house.

Woman's £980 shop haul

A wealthy Lebanese mother of four children was fined the maximum of £1,000 at Marble Arch Magistrates' Court in London on Saturday for what a magistrate said was the worst shoplifting case he had known.

Mrs Hawal, 31, who is staying at Sussex Gardens, Paddington, took two of her

children into a Marks and Spencer store and stole so much she could hardly carry the haul, the court was told.

Mrs Hawal, aged 31, wife of a Public relations officer, who earns £24,000 a year, admitted stealing 135 items of clothing and cosmetics worth £981.45 from the Oxford Street store last Friday.

Fertility clinics hope to use donated eggs

By Clive Cookson, Technology Correspondent

A new test-tube baby procedure, involving the transfer of eggs between women, is likely to be used for the first time in Britain within a few months.

A state ethics committee in Victoria, Australia, last week approved the "donor egg" process pioneered by Dr Alan Trounman of Monash University, Melbourne. The state authorities had earlier imposed a moratorium on his work, which has not yet led to a successful birth from a donated egg.

The Australian go-ahead has encouraged British fertility clinics, which had been held back by uncertainties over its ethical implications. The process would benefit anyone who cannot produce healthy eggs or who carries a serious inherited disease. Sperm from a woman's husband fertilizes an egg extracted from an anonymous donor. The egg is then implanted in his wife and, if all goes well, develops into a healthy fetus.

Professor Ian Craft of the Cromwell Hospital, London, said yesterday that he had applied to his hospital's ethics committee to use the donor egg process but it had not reached a decision. Asked when he might be in a position to go ahead, he replied: "I do not see why it should not happen within six months."

Professor Craft pointed out that committees of the British Medical Association and the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists had approved the implantation of donated eggs. He did not feel obliged to wait for the recommendations of Mrs Mary Warnock's committee, set

up by the Government to consider the ethics of test-tube fertilization. The committee is due to report next year.

But Dr Tom Lind of Princess Mary Maternity Hospital, Newcastle upon Tyne, said he would feel bound to wait for the Warnock decision. He is seeking £25,000 in private funds to set up a test-tube baby clinic using donor eggs, to treat women known to carry genetic disorders like Duchenne muscular dystrophy and haemophilia.

Supporters of the donor egg process see no ethical objections. "I do not see any difference in principle between donor eggs and donor sperm", Professor Craft said.

Artificial insemination by donor, in which the wife of an infertile man is inseminated by donated semen, is now a common procedure.

Although there seems to be no technical reason why the donor egg process should fail to produce healthy babies, it will be difficult to administer. For example, the monthly cycles of the donor and the would-be mother should be synchronized for implantation to take place successfully.

Most infertile women do produce healthy eggs, but fertilization is prevented by other abnormalities in the reproductive system.

They will be helped by the conventional test-tube process with improved techniques of egg extraction and implantation. The group requiring donor egg treatment is relatively small, Professor Craft said, but very important.

Shop girls 'patronizing to men'

Women may face sexual harassment in the office, but in shops they turn the tables on men, according to a survey by a London firm of shoplifters, CIL, published today.

The male shoppers questioned complained that they were patronized by aloof female shop assistants, embarrassed by younger shop-girls in the more intimately feminine departments, such as lingerie and perfumes and made to feel inferior by women shoppers there.

Mr Andrew Morris, the marketing director of CIL, said: "Much of it may be imagined but men do have a case. The smell of the perfume department tends to permeate the store. Since perfume, cosmetics, fashion and furnishings constitute a higher proportion of the store's wares the whole design and environment tends to be geared towards women."

"A certain type of female sales assistant takes advantage of the situation to make the male position even more difficult and embarrassing."

Men do not complain - they stay away, the survey says.

Family gagged in £18,000 raid

A mother and her son, aged nine, were bound and gagged at knifepoint by four masked men who broke into their home and stole £18,000 in cash. They were released after about half-an-hour when a relative returned to the house near Winchester railway station, Hampshire.

A police spokesman said that no one was injured in the raid but the house was ransacked. He added: "The woman's husband was out at the time. We are trying to establish why there was such a large amount of money in the house."

Anglers escape sinking boat

Twelve anglers were brought ashore safely at Rhos-on-Sea, Clwyd, yesterday after their boat started leaking.

The 35-ft cabin cruiser, Aqua Star, started to take in water off the Little Ormes headland and limped back two miles to Rhos-on-Sea, where she was beached in the breakers. The anglers were taken off by dinghy, and the boat sank later.

Christening trip

Mr Pierre Marchand, aged 28, and his wife Jan, aged 34, flew 6,000 miles from their home in Johannesburg to have their two children christened yesterday in Peterborough Cathedral, where they were married six years ago.

Speedway death

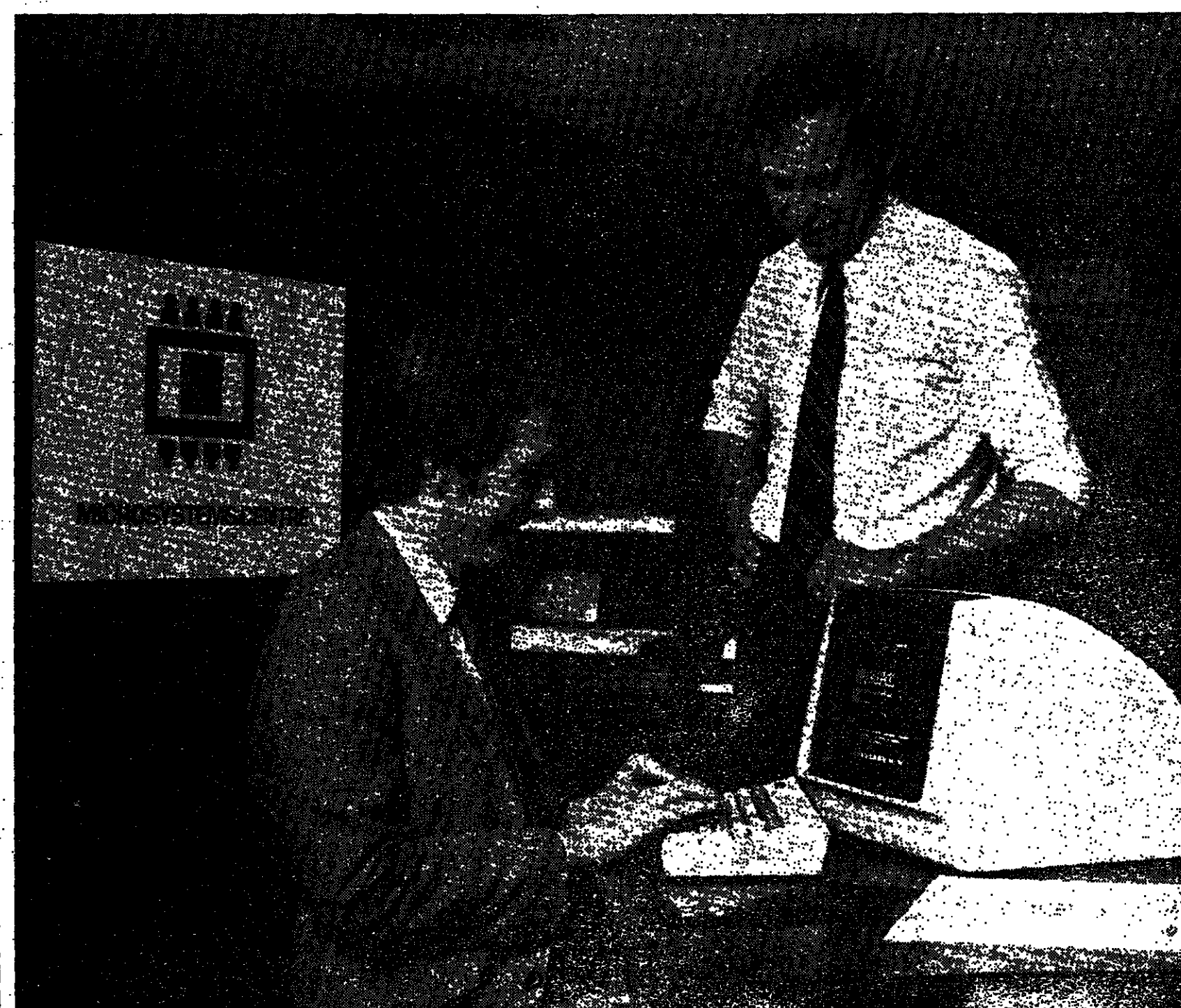
Mr Michael Spiers, aged 19, from Leicester, a member of the Long Eaton invaders speedway team, who was injured in practice at the Long Eaton stadium near Nottingham on Friday, died in hospital yesterday.

Aid for women

Islington council, which increased its rates bill by 80 per cent in April, is to set up a group to offer "re-assurance, information and support" to women going through the menopause.

School blaze

The Liverpool College independent school for boys was badly damaged by fire yesterday. Detectives found signs that the blaze had been started deliberately.



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Withdrawal of Cuban troops ruled out by Angola's President

From Richard Dowden, Luanda

President Eduardo dos Santos of Angola did not have much to look forward to on his forty-first birthday yesterday. Two weeks ago his troops were forced to abandon the strategic town of Cangamba, 300 miles inside Angolan territory after, according to the Angolans, it was bombed by South African aircraft. Last week he committed Angola to a policy of blood, sweat and tears in the fight against UNITA insurgents and South Africa.

In a rare interview with Western reporters, he told *The Times* on Saturday that after Cangamba a new and dangerous situation existed in southern Africa.

"We must conclude that the South Africa Air Force will do this in other parts of the country," he said. "Their aim is to overthrow the legitimate Government of Angola and impose UNITA puppet groups on areas which their regular troops have occupied by force."

He suggested that their next targets could be Cahama or Luena. Since, according to diplomatic sources, these towns are defended in part by Cuban forces, attacks on them could

internationalize the conflict. In a speech to welcome Señor Perez de Cuellar, the United Nations Secretary-General, he firmly rejected any deal over Namibia independence with the withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola.

He said that he would discuss the withdrawal of Cuban troops with Cuba when the South Africans had withdrawn from Angolan territory and stopped supporting UNITA.

Although it is South Africa which is insisting on Cuban withdrawal as a precondition for Namibian independence, President dos Santos blamed the United States.

"The American Government should understand the security needs of the legitimate Government of the Angolan people. We are not asking them for anything. We are simply asking them to respect our sovereignty and independence."

Asked if there were any elements in UNITA with whom he and his MPLA would be prepared to negotiate, he said: "The MPLA has never at any time had any relations with UNITA and doesn't even think of having talks with

them. All the MPLA leaders are unanimous on this."

It is certainly difficult to imagine a marriage of UNITA and the MPLA Government because Angola's present constitution is virtually indistinguishable from those of East European states. Despite this, President dos Santos is strikingly proud of Angolan independence and nonalignment. Angola has twice refused Soviet requests for a naval base at Luanda.

President dos Santos is a reserved but suave leader. The picture of him which hangs in every building makes him look like a serious college student beside the more numerous pictures of Agostinho Neto, Angola's first president.

He lives and works in a complex of former holiday homes around a beautiful bay just south of Luanda. The compound is protected by a security fence and dug-in T54 tanks. Next to it is a former fashionable country club is occupied by Cuban troops.

Although he spent six years training as an oil engineer in the Soviet Union, he is not thought to be in the strongly pro-Soviet part of the ruling party.

Andropov gets to grips with power

KREMLIN POLICY Part 1

When Soviet officials return to work this week after a month on the Black Sea coast, they will find that President Andropov has already put a new agenda for action on their desks. Despite - or possibly because of - his falling health, the Soviet leader has spent a busy August forging ahead with initiatives in foreign and domestic policy. In the first of two articles, RICHARD OWEN, Moscow correspondent, reports on the foreign policy issues.

Ten months after taking office, Mr Andropov is shaping Russia - and to some extent the world - with the deliberation of a man who has the chance to fulfil a lifetime's ambitions.

Politburo colleagues have had to forgo their holidays to keep up with him and Western politicians have also been kept on their toes by their 69-year-old opponent in the Kremlin, who has fired off one arms control proposal after another.

His offer to destroy, rather than just relocate, some of Russia's SS20 rockets as part of a deal at Geneva still assumes that NATO will cave in by agreeing not to deploy cruise and Pershing missiles and by including the British and French deterrents in the bargaining. But it has been given a cautious welcome, and will be discussed at the NATO consultative group meeting in Brussels on Friday.

Mr Andropov's proposal for a ban on anti-satellite weapons is partly based on Russia's fear that the United States will develop killer satellites and other space weapons equal to its own. Diplomats describe it as a diversion, but an encouraging sign for all that.

The signing of a new grain agreement in Moscow this month is also "encouraging". The Soviet press talked of "trade in certain agricultural commodities" to disguise the fact that Russia is importing American grain.

But Mr John Block, the United States Agriculture Secretary, has gone back to Washington after high-level talks

Shaping the Russia of tomorrow



with the message that Moscow is interested in more moves towards rapprochement.

The Russians hope that sanctions, including grain embargoes, are now a thing of the past. *Pravda* pointedly described the decision to allow deliveries to Russia of pipe-laying equipment as proof that American economic pressures had failed.

On the other hand anti-American propaganda has continued unabated throughout this period, with *Pravda* denouncing daily the "demagoguery and hypocrisy" of Reagan policies from arms control to Central America and Chad.

"I don't remember the United States President receiving Soviet legislators and trade missions," Alexander Bavin grumbled in *Izvestia* this weekend. "On the

contrary the Americans put up all kinds of obstacles."

For whatever reason it is a fact that few members of the Politburo - including Mr Gorbachev, who held talks with Mr Block - have first-hand knowledge of the United States. Mr Andropov has never been to America, and is not widely travelled.

Whatever the gaps in its knowledge of the West, the Andropov leadership appears to know precisely what it wants in the two sets of international negotiations which reach a climax next month: the Madrid Review Conference on European Security and the Geneva arms talks.

Foreign ministers from East and West are due to assemble in Madrid on September 7 and the

Geneva talks on medium-range missiles resume (at Russia's request) the day before.

The Madrid meeting, if successful, may lead to discussion of a Soviet-American summit. The Soviet calculation - backed by long-serving Politburo members such as Mr Andrei Gromyko, the Foreign Minister - is that Russia can afford to compromise at Madrid, while remaining uncompromisingly tough at Geneva, responding to NATO missile deployments in December by stationing cruise and long-range missiles in Eastern Europe.

Mr Andropov is a master of tactical manoeuvring. But it is unlikely to sacrifice "strategic" interests for the sake of the negotiations. Mr Reagan to shake hands and exchange pleasantries.

Tomorrow: Domestic affairs

Nigerian opposition accused of killings

Lagos (Reuters) - Nigerian officials yesterday accused leading opposition figures of plotting to cause trouble.

The ruling National Party of Nigeria said it had documented evidence that the Unity Party was planning to plunge the country into chaos after election setbacks.

Mr Uba Ahmed, the National Party's Secretary-General, told a press conference on Saturday that the opposition began its plans with killings in the two western states of Oyo and Ondo, where violence broke out during and after voting in gubernatorial elections two weeks ago.

Police said 33 people died in the Oyo violence. No figures have been announced for Ondo but independent estimates say at least 40 people were killed there. Both last Saturday's Senate election and yesterday's poll have been postponed indefinitely in the two states.

Mr Ahmed said Mr Obafemi Awolowo, the Unity Party leader, who lost to President Shugu Shagari by four million votes in presidential elections three weeks ago, was planning to issue his own version of the election results.

An invitation to civil disobedience would be issued and Mr Awolowo's "democratic" supporters will decide what to do - march, kill and destroy. This way the country will be thrown into chaos," he said.

Mr Awolowo denies the National Party allegations and says the violence in the two states, which are dominated by his Yoruba people, was a spontaneous reaction to alleged ballot rigging. He reiterated charges yesterday that the elections had been rigged in favour of the National Party.

He was quoted in the *Sunday Punch* newspaper as saying that a group of "unscrupulous National Party members" wanted to turn Nigeria into a lawless country.

Mr Awolowo also said he would not consider meeting President Shagari to discuss Unity Party grievances. "How do you expect me to discuss (matters) which Shagari after robbing me in the election?" the *Sunday Sketch* quoted him saying.

Mr Awolowo has promised that the Unity Party would produce a detailed catalogue of suspected electoral offences next month. To date, little evidence has been publicly presented to support the numerous allegations that the voting was rigged.

No incidents were reported on Saturday as voters went to polling stations in 17 states to elect representatives to the 450-member lower house.

But election officials said turnout was the lowest so far in the five-stage general elections, which began with the presidential poll on August 6 and will end with elections to state assemblies next Saturday.

Analysts said Nigeria's 65 million registered voters seemed to be losing interest after voting at weekly intervals, first for a president, then for state governors, and then for senators.

In the Army-organized elections in 1979, Mr Shagari took only 172 seats in the lower house. He will need a solid majority in both the Senate and the House to control effectively Nigeria's recession-hit economy.

Mauritius Cabinet surprise

Port Louis (Reuters) - Mr Anandoo Jugnauth, the Mauritius Prime Minister, whose three-party alliance won last week's general election, has formed a government, with eight new members and a surprise choice for Foreign Minister.

The Cabinet, which includes nine ministers from Mr Jugnauth's previous government, was sworn in by the Governor-General, Sir Davedranath Burrenchobay. The biggest surprise was the return of Mr Anil Gyan as Foreign Minister.

Earlier in the week Mr Jugnauth, whose Militant Socialist Movement (MSM) was a senior partner in the alliance, said he would name the Social Democratic (PMSD) leader, Sir Gaetan Duval, as Foreign Minister.

Mr Duval, one of the most prominent figures in Mauritius, was appointed Deputy Prime Minister to replace Mr Harish Boodhoo, who was dropped from the Cabinet.

The government alliance won 41 seats in last week's election, against 19 for the left-wing Militant Socialist Movement of Mr Paul Berenger. The alliance also has the support of two MPs from the outlying island of Rodrigues.

The new Cabinet is set to meet on Monday. It will include: Prime Minister Anandoo Jugnauth; Deputy Prime Minister Gaetan Duval; Foreign Minister Anil Gyan; Minister of Education, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Health, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Labour, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Transport, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Tourism, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Agriculture, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Fisheries, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Housing, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Social Services, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Environment, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Culture, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Information, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Science and Technology, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Sports, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Youth, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Women's Affairs, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Parliament, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Local Government, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Regional Development, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Urban Planning, Sir Gaetan Duval; Minister of Environmental Protection, Sir Gaetan Duval; 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THE ARTS

Dance: John Percival assesses the New York City Ballet at Covent Garden
A fidelity that complements the music

Yesterday was Robert Irving's seventieth birthday, and New York City Ballet celebrated it a couple of hours early with the presentation of a cake and the obvious musical tribute on stage at the end of their performance on Saturday night. If it seems eccentric, when there are several new works to be considered, to start a ballet notice by honouring a music director, that is justified by the important place music has in the work of this company.

It is not just by chance that so many of their ballets are given no other title than the pieces of music they use. Generally, the structure and whole character of the works are dictated by the score, but to think of the pieces just as "music visualizations" would miss the point completely. On the foundation of the music, the choreographer invents a new structure that complements and extends its origins.

George Balanchine did that better than anyone else. You can see it particularly in his great works such as *Agon*. When Stravinsky wrote it for Balanchine in 1936-37, people found his terse, knotty treatments of old ballet forms difficult to follow. The choreography clarifies them, helps you to follow the shapes and rhythms, but also builds fascinating patterns of its own.

The Balanchine genius is equally apparent even in a minor work such as *Ballade*, to Fauré's *Ballade* for piano and orchestra. On one level, it can be watched simply as attractive dances for two soloists and a group of 10 women, patterned to fit the moods of the score. At another, it is an evocation of romantic feelings. The way the one man echoes the leading woman's movements on his first appearance, and supports her without their eyes meeting, gives the clue that he exists only in her memory or imagination.

I like especially the way Balanchine has set out to reveal a different aspect of Merrill Ashley, whose bravura technique and long, strong, thorough physique compel her usually to be seen in brilliant, assertive roles. *Ballade* uses her amazing technique with a careful lightness and sensitivity to show the gentle, even shy woman behind the virtuoso. Ib Andersen's quiet, firm authority suits perfectly support.

Judging by the few ballets of his that I have seen, Peter Martins has understood and inherited Balanchine's way of working. The Stravinsky *Concerto for Two Solo Pianists* certainly exemplifies it, and I found the ballet more rewarding on a second viewing, when the relationships between music and movement became clearer.

The weekend programmes introduced two more works by Jerome Robbins. *Concerto* is a little display piece for three dancers (originally given as one section of *Chamber Works* during the 1982 Stravinsky Festival). The *Concerto* for 12 instruments inspires a humorous development of trio partnering, followed immediately by a quick solo for each dancer, with sharp footwork and scribbles arms, to the much earlier *Three Pieces for solo clarinet*. The contrasting qualities of muscular Sean Lavery and sinuous Mel Tomlinson are well displayed, but I thought Kyra Nichols's role might have gained from a wittier manner to saucer her smooth but bland style.

Robbins's *Gershwin Concerto* uses a large cast for an evocation of the sort of jazz ballet that was attempted in the Thirties, although presented in the form of a classic ballet. In choreography as in music, the Charleston and other popular dance styles coexist with more academic forms. Four soloists are used. Melinda Roy seems to represent a "Miss Turnstile" character, a nobody who is really somebody; her lively, natural manner is nicely contrasted with the svelte poise of Maria Calegari as a more sophisticated lady. In the first movement, they are joined by Ib Andersen (or Kipling

Houston at another performance) as an extroverted young man about town. Mel Tomlinson provides the male focus in the second movement with a dark glamour.

The music is a limitation, an uneasy compromise between Gershwin's natural style and the concerto form. Yet it has a brash charm, having the ballet shares, and Robbins's skill never deserts him in showing off his cast.

Perhaps the choice of repertoire for London has put special emphasis on Maria Calegari's rapidly developing talent, but she has had a special success in many ballets with her beautifully smooth, elegant and fluent dancing. Another good dancer is Valentina Kozlova, who recently joined the Bolshoi Ballet, swift, light and stylish. Her husband, Leonid Kozlov, is a strong partner but, dancing with her in *Souvenir de Florence*, looked too self-absorbed in contrast to her lively manner.

For a company where the choreographers have always been the real stars, New York City Ballet allows its dancers to develop a surprising degree of individuality. Some spectators find this disconcerting, it seems to me to demonstrate a strength that can rely on a sense of common purpose without needing the drilled look of many classic companies.

no

Amazing technique, firm authority: Merrill Ashley and Ib Andersen in *Ballade*

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

An ordinary man's extraordinary fantasy

Death in Venice
King's Theatre

A new production of *Death in Venice*, especially when it is only the second to be seen in this country, is bound to prompt new thoughts about Britten's final opera. However, the first thing to be said about the version seen in Edinburgh is that it reveals a new Aschenbach in Anthony Rolfe Johnson. Of all the roles that Britten wrote for Sir Peter Pears, this one might have been thought the most difficult to fill in any other way, not least because it seems to presuppose a tenor of advanced years. There was indeed a flicker of doubt when Mr Johnson opened the opera in a quite different way, youthful and earnest, for about five seconds. After that Mr Johnson had established his right to the part with his great understanding of its musical and psychological awkwardness, his exemplary diction and his absolute determination.

It is hardly necessary to add that any reconsideration of the opera at this stage will be

springing from his performance, and certainly not from a production, by François Rochaix, that is lax and wooden. Apparently there had been difficulties in adapting the staging from the Grand Théâtre in Geneva for the minuscule King's Theatre. That is understandable enough, and certainly it may account for the failure of Jean-Claude Marié's sets, which give an impression of movement on the Venetian lagoon.

But lack of space cannot altogether excuse a production which appears to have no idea of what to do with the minor characters, which is often rudely static and which is embarrassed by some of the interludes. Worst of all, Mr Rochaix has the bright idea of giving us a crib of Aschenbach's recitations in the form of subtitles on illuminated slides. This is a gross insult to Mr Johnson, whose every word makes itself heard and felt, and fortunately it was dropped on Friday after some hilarious mishaps.

Quite without the need of any visual aid, Mr Johnson presents

us with an Aschenbach who is worthy, honest and anxious but patently obsessive and infinitely capable of self-delusion: an ordinary man prey to extraordinary fantasy, and the rationalizations he finds are clearly less central than the fact of infatuation. The key line becomes one he sings twice in the second act: "What if all the rest were dead and we two left alone?"

One knows of course what would happen under those circumstances: precisely nothing. The novelist and the boy would be sleeping with a sword between them, since this Aschenbach has evidently chosen an unrealizable passion, and it is from the standpoint of a far-sighted sterility that he must lash himself and agonize. To Mr Johnson's great credit, he makes all this self-destructiveness not only understandable but also involving and even interesting.

The production helps him in some small measure by casting Taddio as a quite ordinary lad and by presenting the beach games as simple athletics, without any aestheticizing from the world of

ballet. Since Aschenbach's apostrophes to godly grace are thus positively misaligned with what we see with our own eyes, his attachment becomes more obviously illusory. *Death in Venice* is not about a man in love with a boy, but about a man out of love with himself. Mr Johnson presents such a character with unforgettable effect on stage, and Roderick Brydon explores his soul in the pit, where the score is very beautifully and also very pointedly played. The orchestral postlude, like Taddio's smile to Aschenbach, is almost more than mere human beings should be expected to cope with.

The many faces of Aschenbach's temper are sketched with quite dramatic flair by Barry Moore. There is also a silver-tongued Apollo from Andrew Dalton (not aided by having to appear on stage as if coming half-clothed from his dressing room), and a bright impersonation of another range of small parts from Alan Oke. Friday's performance was, absurdly, the only one of Edinburgh, but the production can be caught on tour.

Paul Griffiths

Polish CO/
Maksymuk

Albert Hall/Radio 3

When the Polish Chamber Orchestra visited the Proms last summer they bubbled and fizzed their way into the night with encore after well-deserved encore. This time the programme was made of rather sterner stuff, though it was hardly more sternly played.

Beethoven and Handel, and undoubtedly the orchestra itself, drew a huge crowd to the Albert Hall, which soon shrunk to the dimensions of a recital room. The 10 string players of the Third Brandenburg Concerto made its opening a dancing pattern of variegated tones and angles; its second, shared sentence was as brightly different in timbre as if a little sextet of wind soloists had popped up. And after a lightly glinting cadenza from Nicholas Kraemer, the harpsichord, the second movement tripped the light fantastic.

For the Brandenburg No 4

Barry Manilow
Blenheim Palace

In one of the season's most outrageous pieces of theatre Barry Manilow, the boy from Brooklyn, played his weekend concert before forty thousand people at the Duke of Marlborough's humble Blenheim abode. Manilow may lack something when compared with other ballad singers but he and his audience share a mutual sense of occasion. Picnicking families, grandmothers in tow, oohed and aahed at appropriate intervals while the ample ladies from

Paul Griffiths

Promenade Concerts

RPO/Del Mar

Albert Hall/Radio 3

Claudio Arrau's *Promenade Concert* was, of course, a heavy loss; but it was also undoubtedly our gain on Saturday night, for it brought Philip Fowke an extra Prom appearance, and uncannily, in a programme that could have been tailor-made for him.

That co-existence of a high musical intellect with elegance, wit and unashamedly joyful showmanship, which marks out Mr Fowke among his own generation of pianists, has an unfailing alchemizing effect on those parts of the repertoire which will never be pure gold. Richard Strauss's *D minor Burleske*, for instance - a teasing, ingenious, but at the most glittering romp with its coy timpani solos and wolf-whistling piccolo - became an arresting purely through Mr Fowke's shrewd judging of expressive and stylistic scale and of each phrase's own weight and peculiar tone of voice.

These qualities, rare in their

fusion, were further focused in Weber's *Konzertstück* in F minor after the interval. Sub-Boccherini in temper here, living the life of a salon forerunner there, its burgeoning Romanticism was realized by Mr Fowke with a childlike keenness. Yet the sophistication of the concluding galop was also made an organic part of its character, with its audacious sequences and glissandos played with the most subtle panache.

The Royal Philharmonic under Norman Del Mar were never quite a match for Mr Fowke's lightning responses, though their playing became more alert as the evening progressed. By the time Hindemith's too rarely heard *Symphonic Metamorphoses* of themes by Weber was reached, they had galvanized themselves well enough to enjoy the oafish humour of the "Turandot" scherzo, a monstrous Chinese butterfly flapping its way through a New Orleans saloon. Weber, as shown to us by Mr Fowke, would have enjoyed every minute.

Hilary Finch

Hilary Finch

Popular music

Manilow's ample fan club wandered into realms of ecstasy at every change of key or shift.

Manilow is virtually impossible to analyze as an entertainer; he is a tolerable variety singer and pianist with a few pleasant songs and a whole raft of awful ones. Only the showbiz industry could have elevated him to the rank of superstar, but his fans are willing accomplices in the charade.

What Manilow is expert at is convincing people of his overriding sincerity while sending himself up a fraction. He sells glossy packaged values, like holiday brochures, romantic

candle-lit dinners and fluffy slippers, with the assurance of a used-car salesman. Knowing his audience's weak spots, he tickles them mercilessly. And why not? He is also adept at offering value for money, playing a long set and not skimping on the big production - lasers, schoolgirl choirs, superbly kitsch backdrops of the Palace and fictitious backstreet pizza parlours.

Manilow sings about "Memories". "The Old Songs" and the ubiquitous "Mandy", cracks a few risque jokes about his nose and generally titillates his female fans until the atmosphere is redolent

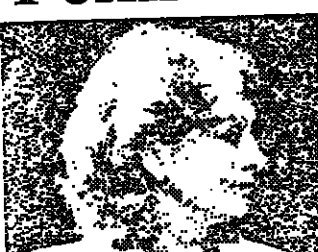
of a frisky hen party. He loves to portray himself as the underdog, the poor Jewish boy made good, and that may account for his staggering success. Deep down Manilow either represents something very ordinary and comforting or something intensely irritating, depending on your perspective.

Eventually, the songs seem to blend into one half-remembered tune which, like supermarket muzak, is impossible to escape. The evening was a triumph of mediocrity. But it was a triumph none the less.

Max Bell

Television

Sentimental trading on inner-city woes

Theatre
Feminism overdone

Mobile: Lizzie Queen

The Devil's Gateway
Theatre Upstairs

Sarah Daniels, who gave us the immortal line "Dear Fred, Your dinner and my head are in the oven", returns to Sloane Square with another gloriously one-sided report on the war between the men and the women.

The setting this time is the living room of a Bethnal Green family who are on the receiving end of everything the state can do to them. Raising their voices over the television to exchange insults and social security dodges, they come over like a Tory Central Office caricature. Then Miss Daniels begins sorting them out: the pugilistically witty grandmother; her upwardly mobile married grand-daughter (Lizzie Queen) forever springing to the defence of her gold-plated lavatory fittings; and the central couple, Betty and her patronizingly bullying husband Jim (Roger Frost).

You get the first inkling of things to come when he falls on her like a ton of bricks for thinking of taking a job as a dinner lady: it might expose his

own clandestine job to the security services. Television menhaden has been dropping subliminal hints of the main theme, as Betty butts into the rows over *Crossroads* and *Star Trek* by showing interest in a programme on the Greenham Common peace camp.

The Devil's Gateway is a nuclear reworking of Gorki's *The Mother*, showing a character who has lived her life in drudgery discovering her human dignity through a revolutionary cause. Finally not only Betty, but all the ladies in the cast, shelve their differences and make off to Greenham in one jolly party.

It is a more hopeful ending than that of Miss Daniels's last play; but, as it amounts to a hymn of praise to cruise missiles for bringing women together, it pushes feminist argument right over the top.

While I am quibbling, there is also the question of plot construction, in which Miss Daniels repeats her trick of splitting the action between a warring family and the menace of a runaway lesbian daughter. In *Ripens our Darkness*, the lesbian scenes were among the best in the play. This time, the relationship is between a smooth-mannered social worker and a rough-tongued fish fryer, and the dialogue does not succeed in revealing what they see in each other, no matter how inventively each contributes separately to the main action.

This is one of Miss Daniels's rare failures in this line of territory. She can write magnificently unfair scenes about overbearing men, but where she really takes off is in scenes for women alone. When Pam Ferris's Betty sits down with her friend Enid (Susan Porrett) for reminiscences on unreliable contraceptives, or the meaning of the word "patriarchy" (they decide it means a triangular cake), or when they experiment with refters and go on to play a giggling game of secrets, not only does a sense of total, hilarious authenticity take command of Annie Castledine's stage, but also a long perspective of how these women have spent their lives and somehow survived as vital people.

With the capacity to demonstrate that kind of female solidarity, Miss Daniels has no need for crude polemic.

Irving Wardle

We hear a lot about the hidebound attitudes of light entertainment producers, but less than we should about a comparable affliction among the purveyors of "serious" drama. One Summer, proudly presented by Yorkshire on Channel 4, is merely the latest in a seemingly endless line of products trading on a ghastly, masochistic sentimentality about inner-city woes.

The woes which drive Billy and Lucy into the Welsh countryside are real, of course, as were the woes which drove Yossner to distraction in *The Boys From the Black Staff*. Being unemployed is no fun at all, nor is the feeling

Billy has that his zombie-like mother does not love him. Lucy is a typical product of a comprehensive system in galloping decline, and cannot read: that is no fun either. To label these kids "disillusioned" is to imply (without any unwarranted) the presence of analytical thought, but deprived they most certainly are. They are also depraved, in the conventional telenovela manner.

Joan Goodman meets Franc Roddam, the
British director of *The Lords of Discipline*,
currently showing in LondonRefusing to give in
to Hollywood

Franc Roddam sees himself as a survivor of the Hollywood wars and he has directed a film that, on one level, is a metaphor for that experience. *The Lords of Discipline*, which has just opened in London and is based on the Pat Conroy novel, is about a cadet in a southern military school in America who is confronted with the injustice of racism when the first Black is admitted. A good old southern boy himself, Will McLean (played by David Keith) does not want to rock the system but becomes a reluctant hero when the traditional "hell night" takes a nasty turn.

"It's an allegory of America," says Roddam, an Englishman who has spent 2½ years there. "In the school I saw high idealism, authoritarianism and violence - that's my vision of America. And it echoed my own personal time in Hollywood, dealing with the bureaucracy. I saw the school as a corporation. My film is about how the individual copes. My time in Hollywood was like 'hell night' to me. They try to break you. They tie you up in deals, keep you off the market, keep you waiting. I was off the screen for 18 months. It's hard for me not to work but I refused to be broken. I had a very clear vision of what I wanted to do."

Roddam, 37, began his career as a documentary film-maker for the BBC and ITV after a stint at the National Film School. He made *The Family*, the much-acclaimed series that required him and his team to live with an ordinary English family for many months, and the equally successful *Dummy*, for which he won the Prix Italia. He made his feature film debut with *Quadrophenia*, a keenly-observed study of a group of sixties mods which dealt unflinchingly with the violence inherent in their lives. According to Roddam: "If you play it too soft, the kids will say this is a film by somebody who doesn't understand us. If you can be as tough as they are, they love the film and go with it. Once you have them, you can steer them away from violence. What happens in *Quadrophenia* is that anyone involved in a violent act, come out badly. I don't want to preach to the converted."

They steal compulsively, and will pull out a knife at the drop of a hat. Under that thick veneer of foul-mouthed, brutish bravado which telenovela has helped establish as the obligatory uniform for working-class kids, they are shown to be sad individuals, dimly aware of their inadequacies. The rural cure which Willy Russell, their creator, prescribes is the cue for the

introduction of an equally stereotyped caring father-figure who patiently atones for the sins of all the other uncaring adult stereotypes - parents, teachers, scoutmasters, ticket-collectors and of course police.

Sounds familiar? Indeed it does. Russell's theme goes way back beyond A. S. Neill to the Victorians, who set their orphanages in the country for similar reasons: it is not so much well-worn as well-nigh worn out. But it could still have formed the basis for a real piece of serial drama if Russell (or his rewriters - he has half-disowned the series) had followed the example of another Victorian, Charles Dickens, whose episodes thrived with suspense, always left his readers with a cliff-hanger ending: the dramatic pulse of the

first four episodes of *One Summer* is sluggish to the point of coma. One feels some slight sympathy with Billy and Lucy, but only idle curiosity as to what will happen next. Presumably the school will kill or maim someone, presumably they will end with more self-knowledge than they began with. But that will be enough for the sentimental television moguls.

Filmed drama slots are an ever more precious commodity. *One Summer* has removed the possibility of six new films, or ten new plays made in the studio. What a waste.

Michael Church

Sticking up for principles: David Keith (left) and Mark Breland in *The Lords of Discipline*

Roddam, whose short, spiky, pre-punk hair-do and brash, street-urban manner make him not the most likely man to direct a film about a military academy, ran into problems when he tried to find a location for his film. The Citadel in South Carolina, where the author Pat Conroy had gone, would not let them use their facilities. "Initially I thought they were receptive," recalls Roddam, "but it quickly became clear they were quite antagonistic to the project. They hated the book. They were in debt and were offering them a reasonable sum of money but one of the alumni gave them a matching cheque for \$200,000 and said 'keep them out'."

Restless by nature, with an inner motor that idles at full-throttle, Roddam took off and travelled through India and Africa for three years after taking his A levels. ("Now people are going to

my best suit but you can't underestimate the intelligence of a three-star general. He looks at me and says 'this guy is insubordinate', they just know it." One military school told another and eventually Roddam had to use a location in England - an irony he regards with humour. "I had just sold my house in England, brought my wife and two children to Los Angeles and bought a house where when I got dispatched back to England, I almost got divorced."

Roddam, who had no military experience of his own, tried to be open-minded about the school in *Lords*. "The idea of taking a young man and making him strong, making him resilient to all pressures, is a sound idea," he says. At the same time he finds any kind of group activity alien to his own feelings. "I even found discipline at school hard. I like to encourage individuals to think freely. I think group behaviour is dangerous, but at the same time it's also necessary. Strangely enough, when you're making a movie you have ninety crew and five hundred extras, you have to run it like a military operation."

WAR AND PEACE
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version with
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SPECTRUM

Two years after his Booker Prize-winning Novel, *Midnight's Children*, Salman Rushdie turns from India to Pakistan and to the twisted domestic and political origins of the feud between President Zia and former Prime Minister Bhutto.

Like its predecessor, *Shame* is a mixture of fantasy and fact; names sit alongside pseudonyms. In this first extract, Raza Hyder (bearing a strong likeness to the future President Zia) wins early military success while his wife, Bilquis, loses their son. Iskander Harappa (closely resembling future Prime Minister Bhutto) is about to marry into Hyder's family when war intervenes.



THE CORD AND THE NOOSE

At that hot season, the two newly partitioned nations announced the commencement of hostilities on the Kashmiri frontier. You cannot beat a northern war in the hot season; officers, footsoldiers, cooks all rejoiced they were headed for the coolness of the hills. "Yara, this is luck, na?" "At least this year I won't die in that damn heat." O backslapping camaraderie of the meteorologically fortunate!

There were, inevitably, deaths; but the organizers of the war had catered for these as well. Those who fell in battle were flown directly, first-class, to the perfumed gardens of Paradise, to be waited on for all eternity by four gorgeous Houris, untouched by man or djinn. "Which of your Lord's blessings," the Quran inquires, "would you deny?"

Army morale was high; but Rani Humayun was most put out, because it would have been unpatriotic to hold a wedding reception in wartime. The function had been postponed, and she stamped her feet. Raza Hyder, however, stepped contentedly into the camouflaged jeep of his flight from the boiling insanity of the summer city, and just then his wife whispered into his ear that she was expecting another sort of happy event.

"He's coming!" Raza deafened his wife, causing earthen pitchers to topple from the heads of women servants and rightening the geese. "What did I tell you, Mrs?" He set his cap more untidily on his head, slapped his wife on the stomach, joined the palms of his hands together and made living gestures.

"Whoosh!" he shouted. "Voom, wife! Here he comes!" And he roared off into the north, promising to win a great victory in honour of his forthcoming son, and leaving behind him a Bilquis who, being washed for the first time by the solipsistic fluids of motherhood, had neglected to notice the tears in her husband's eyes, the tears turning his black eye-pouches into velvet bags, the tears which were among the earliest pointers that the future strong-man of the nation was of the type that cried too easily. In private with the frustrated Rani Humayun, Bilquis frowned proudly: "Never mind this war foolishness; the important news is that I am making a boy to marry your unborn daughter."

An extract from the family's saga of Raza and Bilquis, given in the formulaic words which it would be a gross sacrilege to alter.

"When we heard that our Razzoo had pulled off an attacking coup so daring that there was no option but to call it a triumph, we started off by refusing to believe our ears, - for already in those days even the sharpest ears had developed the fault of becoming wholly unreliable when they were attuned to the radio news bulletins; on such occasions everybody heard things that could not possibly have been the case. But then we nodded our heads, understanding that a man whose wife is about to bear him a son is capable of anything."

"Yes, it was the unborn boy who was responsible for this, the only victory in the history of our armed forces, - which formed the basis of Raza's reputation for invincibility, a reputation which quickly became invincible itself, - so that not even the long humiliating years of his decline proved capable of destroying it. He returned a hero, having seized for his holy new land a mountain valley so high and inaccessible that even goats had difficulty in breathing up there; so intrepid he was, so tremendous, that all true patriots had to gasp - and you must not believe that propaganda which says that the enemy did not

bother to defend the place; - the fighting was fierce as ice - and with twenty men only he took the valley! That little band of giants, that daredevil crew, and Old Razor Guts at their head - who could have denied them? Who could have stood in their path?"

"For all peoples, there are places that mean too much. 'Aansu!' we wept with pride; with true patriotism we sobbed. 'Only imagine - he has taken the Aansu-ki-Wadi!' It's true: the capture of that fabled 'valley of tears' made us all weep as uncontrollably as, in later years, its conqueror became famous for doing. But after a while it was clear that nobody knew what to do with that place where your spit froze before it hit the ground; except Iskander Harappa, of course; who, dry-eyed as ever, went off to the Tribal Agencies Department and purchased more or less the whole caboodle, dirt-cheap, snow-cheap, for cash money on the nail, and a few years later there were ski-lodges up there, and scheduled air flights, and European goings-on at night that made the local tribals faint for shame."

"But did Raz, our great hero, see anything of that foreign exchange?" (Here the teller invariably smites her forehead with the palm of her hand.) "No, how would he, that great Army dumbo? Isky always got there first. But" (and now the narrator adopts the most cryptic, menacing tone of which she is capable), "it is being there last that counts."

At this point I must interrupt the legend. The duel between Raza Hyder (promoted to Major for his Aansu exploit) and Iskander Harappa, which began, but certainly did not end, in Aansu, will have to wait yet awhile; because now that Old Razor Guts is back in town, and it is peacetime again, the wedding is about to be celebrated which will make the mortal adversaries into cousins-in-law, into family.

Back then everything was smaller than it is today; even Raza Hyder was only a Major. But he was like the city of Karachi itself, going places, growing fast, but in a stupid way, so that the bigger they both got, the uglier they became. I must tell you what things were like in those early days after the partition: the city's old inhabitants, who had become accustomed to living in a land older than time, and were therefore being slowly eroded by the implacably revenant tides of the past, had been given a bad shock by independence, by being told to think of themselves, as well as the country itself, as new.

Well, their imaginations simply were not up to the job, you can understand that; so it was the ones who really were new, the distant cousins and half-acquaintances and total strangers who poured in from the east to settle in the Land of God, who took over and got things going.

Raza Hyder had already shown, in the taking of Aansu, the advantages of the energy-giving influx of immigrants, of novel beings; but energy or no, energy, he was unable to prevent his first-born son from being strangled to death in the womb.

Once again (in the opinion of his maternal grandmother) he cried too easily. Just when he should have been demonstrating the stiffness of his upper lip he began to howl his eyes out, even in public. Tears were seen sliding off the wax on his bulbous moustache, and his black eye-pouches glistened once more like little pools of oil. His wife, Bilquis, however, did not let fall a single tear.

"Hey, Raz," she consoled her husband in words iced with the brittle certainty of her desperation. "Razzoo, chin up. We'll get him back the next time."

"Old Razor Guts, my toe," Bariamma scoffed to all and sundry,



"You know he invented that name for himself and forced his troops to call him so, by order? Old Leaky Water Reservoir, more like."

An umbilical cord wound itself around a baby's neck and was transformed into a hangman's noose (in which other nooses are prefigured), into the breath-stopping silken rumal of a Thug; and an infant came into the world handicapped by the irreversible misfortune of being dead before he was born. "Who knows why God will do such things?" Bariamma, mercilessly, told her grandson. "But we submit, we must submit. And not take out baby-tears before women."

However, being stone dead was a handicap which the boy managed, with commendable gallantry, to surmount. Within a matter of months, or was it only weeks, the tragically cadaverous infant had "topped" in school and at college, had fought bravely in war, had married the wealthiest beauty in town and risen to a high position in the government. He was dashing, popular, handsome, and the fact of his being a corpse now seemed of no more consequence than would a slight limp or a minor speech impediment.

Of course I know perfectly well that the boy had in reality perished before he even had time to be given a name. His subsequent feats were performed entirely within the distracted imaginations of Raza and Bilquis, where they acquired an air of such solid actuality that they began to insist on being provided with a living human being who would carry them out and make them real.

Possessed by the fictive triumphs of their stillborn son, Raza and Bilquis

went at one another with a will, heaving silently in the blind-eyed dormitory of the family wives, having convinced themselves that a second pregnancy would be an act of replacement, that God (for Raza was, as we know, devout) had consented to send them a free substitute for the damaged goods they had received in the first delivery, as though He were the manager of a reputable mail-order firm.

Many years later, when Iskander Harappa stood in the dock of the courtroom in which he was on trial for his life, his face as grey as the imported suit he wore, which had been tailored for him when he weighed twice as much, he taunted Raza with the memory of this reincarnation obsession. "This leader who prays six times a day, and on national television too!" Isky said in a voice whose siren melodies had been untuned by jail. "I recall when I had to remind him that the idea of avatars was a heresy. Of course he never listened, but then Raza Hyder has made a custom of not listening to friendly advice."

It was the day on which the only son of the future General Raza Hyder was going to be reincarnated.

Bilquis entered labour - the rebirth was imminent - Raza Hyder awaited it, stiffly seated in an anteroom of the military hospital's maternity ward. And after eight hours of howling and heaving and bursting blood-vessels in her cheeks and using the filthy language that is permitted to ladies

only during parturition, at last, pop! she managed it, the miracle of life. Raza Hyder's daughter, was born at two-fifteen in the afternoon, and born what is more, as vivaciously alive and kicking as her big brother had been dead.

When the swaddled child was handed to Bilquis, that he lady could not forbear to cry, faintly, "Is that all, my God? So much huffery and puffery to push out only this mouse?"

A surprisingly small bundle was returned by Bilquis to the midwife, who bore it out to the anxious father. "A daughter, Major Sahib, and so beautiful, like the day, don't you think so?" In the delivery room, silence flooded from the pores of the exhausted mother; in the anteroom, Raza was quiet, too. Silence; the ancient language of defeat.

Defeat? But this was Old Razor Guts himself, conqueror of glaciers, vanquisher of frosty meadows and ice-fleece mountain sheep! Was the future strong-man of the nation so easily crushed? Not a bit of it.

"Mistakes are often made!" Raza shouted. "Terrible blunders are not unknown! Why, my own fifth cousin by marriage when he was born...! But me no buts, woman, I demand to see the hospital supervisor!"

And even louder: "Babies do not come clean into this world!"

And blasted from his lips like cannonballs: "Genitalia! Can! Be! Obscured!"

Raza Hyder raged roaring. The midwife stiffened, saluted; this was a military hospital, do not forget, and Raza outranked her, so she admitted yes, what the Major Sahib was saying was possible certainly. And fled. Hope rose in the moist eyes of the father, also in the dilated pupils of Bilquis, who had heard the noise, of course. And now it was the baby, its very essence in doubt, who fell silent and began to muse.

The supervisor (a Brigadier) entered the quaking room in which the future President was trying to affect biology by a superhuman act of will. His words, weighty, final, outranking Raza's, murdered hope. The stillborn son died again, even his ghost snuffed out by the medico's fatal speech: "No possibility of error. Please to note that the child has been washed. Prior to swaddling procedure. Matter of sex is beyond dispute. Permit me to tender my congratulations."

But what father would allow his son, twice-conceived, to be executed thus, without a fight? Raza tore away swaddling cloth, having penetrated to the baby within, he jabbed at its nether zones: "There I ask you, sir, what is that?" - "We see here the expected configuration, also the not uncommon post-natal swelling of the female..." - "A bump!" Raza shrieked hopelessly. "Is it not, doctor, an absolute and unquestionable bump?"

But the Brigadier had left the room.

Continued on page 10

TOMORROW
Election victory
and war...

moreover...
Miles Kingston

Tray bien,
service avec
un sunbeam

The EEC's butler mountain has reached a new peak of 485,000 tonnes.

So reads a curious item in the Worcester Evening News, sent to me by Andrew Brooks of Petworth. He asks me what I make of it. More to the point, what would P. G. Wodehouse have made of it?

From "Jeeves' S'En Va En Vacances"

The sunshine came in my bedroom window, hurried across the intervening space and gently revolved through my eyelids, forcing my brain into wakefulness. Dashed clever trick, that I mean, the way light travels across space, not to mention bedrooms, at about a billion miles an hour and then slows down to nil in the last second or so in order to avoid damage to the tenderer parts of the anatomy. Not for the first time I wondered how it did it, and not for the first time I determined to ask Jeeves.

Tired by all this thinking before the first cup of tea, of the dawn, I tucked a bell softly to summon the fount of all knowledge and copious draughts of Earl Grey. The door opened and a form shimmered in.

"Bonjour, Monsieur Vooster," said the shape. "I trust that you think, therefore you are."

"Got the gift of tongues this morning, have we, Jeeves?" I said. "Hope you don't mind if I stick to the mother lingo."

"Not Jeeves, sir," said the voice, about which I now recognized something fishy. "I am your new valet, du Mauris."

I shot upright, with the speed of a rabbit surrounded by men holding machine guns, and gaped at the speaker. The form was the form of Jeeves, and the shiner was a Jeevesian shiner, but the face was someone else's. It contained a small moustache, a pair of sun-glasses and a cigarette attached to the end of the mouth in a position which I can only describe as dangling. I felt as a baby might feel when it looks up from the pram to see its mother and finds itself staring at Al Capone.

"Where on earth is Jeeves?" I stammered.

"I don't remember ordering a new valet."

"Non, monsieur. The fact is, there is a terrible glut of valets in Europe at the moment, the so-called 'butler mountain', and new regulations demand that we share jobs. I am here today."

"Just a moment," I said, trying to make sense of this terrible upheaval in things. "Jeeves is a valet. What would he be doing on the south slope of a butler mountain?"

"Butler mountain is just a phrase, monsieur. One cannot say valet mountain. It sounds wrong. Montagne de valets - it sounds like montagne de vaillies. This offends the French sense of logic."

"Nothing personal, du Whattit?" I murmured. "But I feel a great affinity with overweight Mr. Cortez as he stood atop the highest bit of Durian and sensed the onset of a tumb-tum."

"A savage surmise was the phrase, I believe," said the French answer to Jeeves, and all at once I spotted a smidgen of relief on the skyline. Jeeves would have said much the same thing.

"Tell me about light, o wise Frenchman," I said coolly. "When it hits the features at a hundred times the speed of sound, how does it stop in time?"

"It does not stop, monsieur. It departs again at the same speed. It is what we call reflection, without which we can see nothing."

That seemed to make sense. It would certainly explain why I had gone around all my life seeing things. I indicated to the man that he could now run my bath.

"Very good, monsieur. Oh, and monsieur, a gentleman named Clarence Osprey called earlier this morning. He seemed under the impression that you had become involved with his fiancée and he wished to knock-off your bloc."

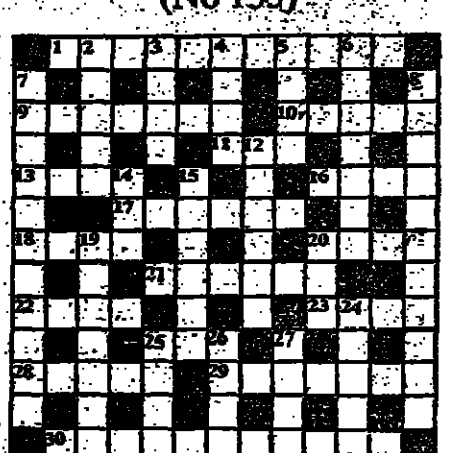
"Oh Lord," I groaned. I could see how Clarence had got that impression. "What did you do?"

"I quoted some apt lines from Victor Hugo, after which I showed him the door and assured him he had the wrong address."

Suddenly I felt better. This blunder, if not another Jeeves, certainly had the makings. Under my mature tuition, he might well develop into a un gentleman, if you get my meaning.

Continued on page 10

CONCISE CROSSWORD (No 135)



- | | |
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| ACROSS | DOWN |
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| 9 Amendment (7) | 3 Job (4) |
| 10 Outfit (5) | 4 Sole (4) |
| 11 Longing (3) | 5 Prayer end (4) |
| 13 Moved rapidly (4) | 6 Noisy (7) |
| 14 Flavouring plant (4) | 7 Dishwasher (11) |
| 17 Unique product (3,3) | 8 Entrailer (4) |
| 18 Level (4) | 12 Decadent (6) |
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| 23 Valley (4) | 25 Scheme (4) |
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MODERN TIMES



A sideways look at the British way of life

Had *The Times* been taking a sideways look at the British in 1879, this entry, under the headline "Coursing by Proxy," would doubtless have found its way on to the features editor's desk with a memo saying "follow up". Describing the thoroughly novel experience of watching greyhounds chase a mechanical hare in Hendon, our reporter concluded that the sport was "undoubtedly an exciting and interesting one". He little knew that he had just observed the birth of a craze that in 50 years would sweep the country, one destined to become the solace of the working man and the source of much grievance to the working man's wife whose weekly income was frequently

much reduced because of it. Nor could he have predicted that such an ostensibly silly occupation as watching half a dozen dogs chase a dummy round a track would, for nearly half a century, prove the second most popular spectator sport in the country - as it still is today, ahead of horse racing and second only to football. Or that the Queen's consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, would own a dog (Camira Flash) that would win a Derby.

The first official race meeting was held at Belle Vue, Manchester, in 1926. Within months the sport was racing ahead, with dogs running round tracks all over the place. One could have expected some falling off during the Depression, but instead dog racing went from strength to strength. By 1940 more than 100 dogs were racing under National Greyhound Racing Club rules and by the end of the decade up to fifty million spectators were going to the dogs in a year.

But Sirius had reached his zenith. The 1950s saw a gradual decline in track attendances and the tax on the tote was only partly to blame. Sports fans went back to their first loves - football and cricket, people bought motor cars and, later, televisions.

Today fewer than half the original tracks survive and even some of the "greats" sit under sentence of the axe. White City, it is strongly rumoured, will soon no longer throb to the roar of the crowd and the pelting of paws and even the great Perry Barr's existence is in question. The centres that will survive, everyone agrees, are those which are prepared to improve their facilities - or have already done so - pushing the image of dog racing inexorably up the market place away from its traditional pitch of serge and sawdust, tickets and touts.

A trip to Walthamstow Stadium, considered by the cognoscenti to be the toff among racetracks, will put you in the picture. Where, you might ask as you make your way past the Mercedes and the great smell of Brut to your pre-booked table at the swish Paddock Grill, are the flat caps and flag ends of yesteryear? They're still here of course, down on the rails or on the other, "wrong", side of the tracks where tie-tac men perform incredible feats with their fingers and beer bubbles still wink at the brim. But here you can sit "god-like" (as in gallery) to watch the show, protected from the elements by

a vast sheet of plate glass, while hoi-polloi (or true enthusiasts) battle with the elements and the odds. Here you can study the card in a desultory way between courses, sip dry white with your dog sole, summon a smiling runner to place your bet at the touch of a bell and rub shoulders - if you have to - with satin rather than serge.

After the last race you can make your way upstairs for the cabaret and forget about Black Beauty's failure to overhaul Haringay Hattie on the home straight while another black beauty gives throat to the blues, played by a near perfect replica of Elton John.

It's great stuff if you like this kind of a night out but it's hardly "going to the dogs". In fact for the younger set, the hounds beating their heats out to get to the hare seem as incidental to the evening's entertainment as underwater dancers in a Californian poolside restaurant. And yet it is just such youngsters and their parents that the tracks need to attract if the greyhound game is to survive.

Judy Froshang

Penny Perick

Better safe than sorry

It's common knowledge that the pain of childbirth is instantly forgotten the minute a baby is born - if it weren't, we'd all be only children. What no one ever told me is that the pain of parenting goes clean out of your mind the minute your children push off. I found this out the hard way when my five year old, Lucy Gales-Tooke, accompanied by one teddy bear, two security blankets, three Tom and Jerry video-cassettes and her school reading primer, came for a weekend visit.

I had forgotten that a house is not a home as soon as a small child sets foot in it: it's a high-risk adventure playground. Perfectly safe-looking bannisters become vicious bars between which a small person's head may become wedged. The spring locks on cupboard doors are designed to close on little fingers before the owner of the fingers has finished choosing a chocolate biscuit. Within minutes of Lucy's arrival, I was back in that suddenly remembered old routine of "Be careful, darling... don't do that... keep away from there, sweetheart" - sounding just like Joyce Grenfell doing her monologue, "The Kindergarten Teacher".

My own children say I was an absurdly over-protective mother. I refuse this charge since never once, unlike one of my neighbours, did I follow my children to the beach with a tin of Johnson's Baby Powder and insist that each little precious was dried off and powdered between the toes after every swim.

Despite my eternal vigilance, my son once fell backwards on to a carelessly packed breakfast table while larking about on a picnic and my daughter managed to embed a needle in her knee. Demonstrating that nothing had changed, Lucy skipped around a corner ahead of me and by the time I caught up with her, seconds later, had fallen into a bed of nettles and had been bitten by a dog.

The price of parenthood, it seems, is never being able to read the Sunday papers in peace and running the risk of chronic unpopularity. This was not a risk that worried previous generations of parents. "Because I'm older than you are and bigger than you are and I pay the rent and that's why," was my mother's method of dealing with my whined why-can't-I's. This tough tactic, along with compulsory liberty bodices and sock-garters, belongs to the lost art of parenting.

To give in to a child's expert wheedling is perilous

No one would want to see a revival of such sternness, even though "Because I say so," is, in the short term, less wearisome than "Well, you see, angel, mummy won't let you go to the park by yourself because although most people are very nice, some people are very nasty and might hurt a little girl if her mummy or daddy aren't there to look after her".

What is clear is that although parents are no longer required to bark out "No", "Don't" and "Absolutely not" as if they were sergeant majors, they must still keep these words in their vocabulary. To give in to a child's expert wheedling is perilous. "I didn't like her going to the swings by herself, but she loved going so much and went on at me until I let her," said the heartbroken mother of a vanished four-year-old.

A little boy allowed to be up and buying sweets late in the evening is kidnapped and horribly assaulted; a little girl is taken from a fairground and murdered. In West Germany, hot weather sends the statistics for attacks on children soaring along with the rising barometer. The state's answer is a radio campaign which urges parents to keep hold of their children's hands in crowded department stores. Easier said than done, for a small child's hand, once it wishes to be released, becomes as hard to grasp as running water. But done it must be. Even the constantly watched child falls into trouble: what could happen to the unwatched one doesn't bear thinking about.

The British Gas Corporation can agonize over its tariffs until the flames in the gas log fire flicker and die. I will remain stony hearted, for I once made polite advances to the gasman and was scornfully rejected. All I wanted was a very small gas supply laid on between the nearby street and my new, gasless flat, so that I might enjoy the pleasure of high speed gas dinners. I should say here that my flat is not in the middle of a field but on a main road whose pavements cover hundreds of gas pipes. The gasman said that he couldn't see his way to supplying me with any gas in the foreseeable future.

He also said that in New York, the gas companies had refused to take on any more customers. He said this with a certain amount of relish. I considered writing to the British Gas Corporation, enclosing an impressive CV and testimonials from my bank manager and editor which vouched for my solvability as a consumer. It seemed like a lot of trouble, so in the end I rang up the electricity board and they sent someone round to connect me up right away.

Bitten by the dogs



RUNNING SMOOTHLY

Ray Spalding
Racing Manager and Steward at Walthamstow Stadium

I'm in charge of all the racing. I decide which dogs race against which, officiate at all the meetings, attend all the trials. (Holidays? You must be joking.) I have to try and see that every dog has an equal chance, grading as closely as possible, allocating the traps (a wide runner in No 6, inside runner in No 1 etc). If you've four wide runners in a race you see the problem - and with five meetings a fortnight, ten

runs a night, six dogs in each, that's 300 dogs of which you'll have 50 winners and 200 disappointed losers. A dog devalues every time it runs - it only has certain number of races in its career and there's only one derby winner who gets £25,000 prize money. You never know what sort of dog you've got until you've shown it the hare.



HARE RESTORER

Anthony Lilley Starter by night, refuse collector by day

I took over from my father about 10 years ago. He still fills in for me when I have a holiday. I love the work, especially the dogs. When I first started, my feet ached - it's quite a walk, round and back, eight or ten times a night. It's my job to collect the dogs and handlers from the paddock, lead them round the track and back, see they're all in and facing the right way (oh yes, there have been some turnarounds) and then when they're all in signal for the off. I've seen some funny things happen... once I got the race off and all the crowd started hollerin' because there were two trap 4s. Race had to be stopped of course. Then there was the time when suddenly there were seven dogs running - some geezer had slipped one under the rails... caused an uproar until the police got him. Now all that concerns me is doing my job right. My dad was less particular - just kept on walking.



CANINE CASINO

Dong Tyler
Bookmaker and Chairman of the Bookmakers Advisory Committee

My family were all in the greyhound business - but as punters and gamblers. I came out of the Army in 1946 and decided to become a bookmaker. (You need a lot of common sense, a head for figures and you've got to be a bit lucky.) The first thing a bookmaker - or anyone else - has to do is try to make a profit. For that you need the punters to keep coming through the turnstiles, but habits have changed.

People stay at home more, most men don't receive a wage packet every Friday night, the cash flow just isn't there. We get a lot of criticism, but without bookmakers all the colour and excitement would go out of greyhound racing. Punters love to battle with the bookies, beat the odds. But it's an honourable profession, hardly ever a fight. A short head might cost a man his last £5.



STAKE AND CHIPS

Hilda Spelling Tote Runner, wife and mother

I first came to work here when I was married with young children and needed a bit of pin money - working in evenings meant I didn't have to leave the family during the day. That was 21 years ago and I'm still here. I'm usually the first in, at about 5.55pm, and I get home at about 11pm. My husband doesn't mind at all, he likes watching television. I like to be out, meeting people - it's always fun though I

prefer it when it's busy. It's changed a lot over the years, there used to be more regulars, families... quite a few have died or moved away. I've served lots of stars - Bernie Winters, George Cole, Mildred from *George and the Girls*. Sometimes the punters are very generous if they've won, other times they don't tip you at all. I take all sizes of bet from 50p to £100, but I never bet. I learned the hard way and lost all my wages in one night.

H.M.V.

Joanna Beamer
Owner, Schoolteacher

I loved the dogs from the first time I went to a meeting at Wembley with my parents when I was 13. Apart from annual holidays I haven't missed a meeting at Walthamstow for 26 years. I got my first dog for my 21st birthday - since then I've had twelve. Though this one, Sal's Champion, is a bitch I tend to dogs, I think most women do. There is no thrill that can match seeing your dog going over the line to win, especially if it has run a clever race (I love late runners). It costs about £22 a week to keep a dog in training and no, on the whole you don't get your money back, even with appearance money. You own for pleasure really, not money. I always find mine - and other people's - homes when they retire. So far I've homed over 400.



COLLAR THE LOT

Thomas Richard Clark
Punter

They call me "The Doc", some say because when I was a trainer I was a bit clever with the dogs, but it's really because I was a male nurse in the Royal Army Medical Corps and when I came out there were all those films about Frankenstein. I've been going to the dogs all my life, since I was 17 going to flapping tracks all over the country. I'm considered the best judge of dogs at Walthamstow. I've got a gift for it. I always go on the rails - no drinking while I'm betting, you've got to be alive at the game - and I bet with the bookmakers, never the tote. With the bookies you can get what odds you want. Fewer go to the dogs now - most of the punters have done their money in the betting shop, silly idiots. But it's still the poor man's sport, always will be. Costs £5 to go in the members' enclosure at the horses, but only £1.50 at the dogs.

TOP DOG

Fred Underhill Secretary NGRC

Greyhound racing has been badly hit by the recession. In 1946, 36 million people went to the dogs. Last year 4 1/2 million went through National Greyhound Racing Club turnstiles. Drastic times call for drastic measures and the laws relating to on-course betting should also be amended. At the moment bookmakers are making it hand over fist, with none of the overheads the tote has to meet.

ROVER, RETURN

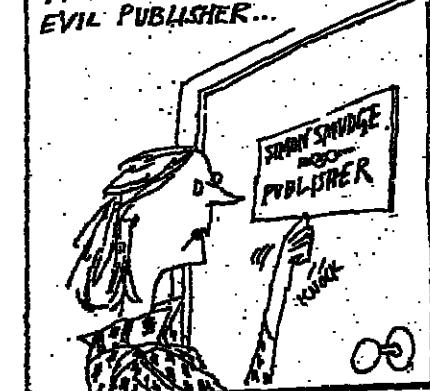
Kenny Linnell
Trainer

Being a trainer means a lot of early mornings, late nights, travelling - dedicated stuff. It's a pressured job, the phone never stops ringing, owners wanting to know about their dogs, what their chances are. If we could predict that there'd be a lot more rich people around. A lot depends on having good staff. Apart from feeding and exercising it's my job to take the dog along to the trials to see if it's any good, then to maintain its condition and watch it improve. A good greyhound looks good, though you don't have to pay a fortune. I've had dogs bought for a most £300 who've gone on to win £5,000 and more in open races, so you can make money. I'd like to see the government put back some of the money they take from the tracks, to see more tracks round football pitches and a time when courses were fully tote operated. Bookies never win, you know, but they always have Rolls-Royces!



FLAVIA CORKSCREW'S GOOD FOOD GUIDE

FLAVIA IS SUMMONED BY HER EVIL PUBLISHER...



You're looking thin Flavia - Too Much exercise - eg. eating too fast. It's bad for you.



I find I get quite enough exercise putting people's deadlines backward & forward.



I've got this incredible concept for the cover of your Good Food Guide: A photo graph of you wearing nothing but a SANDWICH BOARD!



OR - the brio of a naked woman wearing two, or perhaps even three, FRIED EGGS!



Don't run so fast! It's bad for you!



THE TIMES DIARY

Old refrain

Evidence of a return to Victorian values, perhaps, with the news that the Boosey Ballad Concerts, which ended 53 years ago after an unbroken run since 1867, are to be revived in October at the Wigmore Hall. The original Boosey concerts were held nearby at the Queens Hall, destroyed in the blitz, and featured such immortal artists as Dame Clara Butt, Count John McCormack and the violinist Mischa Elman. While the names on the programme have inevitably changed, the content will remain much the same: Robert White to sing *Come into the Garden Maud* and *Abide with Me* (first played at a Boosey concert by its composer, Samuel Liddle, long before the first Cup Final); Fennell Fielding will offer *Oh, No John*, and Brian Johnston will read an amusing cricket poem. The proceeds will benefit the NSPCC.

At the double

The lengthy ramble of the Wildlife and Countryside Act through Parliament so delayed the 1981-82 annual report of the Nature Conservancy Council that it was only published last week. The 1982-83 annual report is due by the end of the year, which means two in less than four months. As the report warns, time is short. "There is just about enough habitat left... if it is not wholeheartedly protected now, in ten years' time it will be too late."

China Daily has been running a photographic contest called "A Day in China". The joint second prize winners were pictures called *Busy Morning at the Dugghill and Vying for a Better View*.

Mongoose repos

It is not every day that even I have lunch with a woman who lived with a mongoose for 10 years. Having done so, I have learned a thing or two about the species. The mongoose, which lived with its mistress in Islington, was in the habit of clinging to her bra-strap while she cooked, poking its inquisitive snout at the pots and pans to see what was going on, as mongooses like to do at all times. It was ferocious in defence of its territory (the back garden), where geraniums thrived over the carcasses of neighbours' cats foolish enough to venture there. They would be buried in the dead of night to avoid reprisals. The mongoose liked a raw egg for breakfast, which it would eat only from a copy of *The Times*, on which it would subsequently relieve itself. Other papers would not do but would be shredded in a fury. The main meal of the day was freshly dead rabbit with the fur on, which necessitated a special arrangement at Smithfield. We dined on fresh salmon and boeuf bourguignon.

Busking plus

Astrix, the venerable Chelsea cruet, is recruiting young musicians to replace its standard background of Berlin Philharmonic tapes. The best of amateur classical performances will be played on Saturdays. Budding Menuhins and Amadeus quartets should send notes about themselves and the music with the cassette, and s.a.e. for its return. Nothing too glitzy.

The Health and Safety Executive has ordered a strict but discreet inspection of all the premises occupied by one branch of government. The statutory authority singled out for such special attention is the Health and Safety Executive. You can't be too safe.

Underdrive

I am, I suspect, one of many who read the various Consumers' Association publications hopefully but to little effect. Their prose is clear enough, and the authors write exhaustively about their subjects, but seldom leave an obvious answer in my tiny mind, at least to the unending query, "Which? But in *Approaching Retirement*, to be published next month, a question I have long pondered is answered entirely to my satisfaction: what is the point of the diminishing returns of car ownership when you can hire a car cheaply whenever you need one? Answer: it is cheaper to hire if you drive 4,000 miles a year or less, although the CA offers no explanation of its calculation.

And this piggy...

The Norwegians have come up with an ingenious variation on the games travellers play in their efforts to dispose of un-exchangeable coins on their way out of the country. In the departure lounge at Bergan airport squats an enormous ceramic piggy bank. A hand-lettered sign forthrightly announces: "I have a big belly. I can eat any small coin. Then I give them to aid for mentally-inflicted children." Travellers love it.

This is a Javan Warty Pig. Commemorative of the species (the Pigs and Pecaries Specialist Group of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources Species Survival Commission) call it familiarly a "wart". Its meat is good to eat and leaner than ordinary pork, but since the humans with whom it shares its habitat tend to be Muslims it is most often persecuted as a pest. Full face it is so ugly that few have ever bothered to photograph it, and few of those photographs are reproducible in a family newspaper. Its habits are largely unknown, but presumed to be disgusting. I quite like it. PHS

Will Reagan really run again?

Washington: There are few pleasanter places in the United States at present than Santa Barbara, where President Reagan is on holiday at his mountain-top ranch. There the sky seems to be perpetually blue and the days have none of the oppressive mugginess of Washington at this time of year. The Sierras glisten in the sunlight, and the Pacific Ocean, should the President decide to take a dip, is unusually warm this year.

But as Reagan relaxes, he will be concentrating on the most important personal decision he must take this year: should he seek a second presidential term?

Judging from remarks made by most of his close aides, he has already virtually made up his mind to do so, and will keep Vice-President George Bush as his running mate. Certainly the Democrats believe they will be confronting Reagan again, which is why Senator John Glenn, considered to have the best chance of defeating him, has been steadily gaining on the Democratic front-runner, Walter Mondale.

Some people in Washington - admittedly a small minority - still believe Reagan will not stand again. They variously cite his age (he would be 78 by the time his second term ended), his poor hearing, and the fact that next year's campaign is likely to be very tough and not the walkover which many Republicans were predicting a few months ago.

There is also what is known as the "Nancy factor". The belief that Mrs Reagan would prefer her husband to bow out while his reputation is high, and his health robust so he could enjoy the final years of his life in undisturbed retirement at their ranch.

This must be a tempting prospect for Reagan as he contemplates his future, for he is now uncomfortably aware of the difficult battles that would lie ahead if he were re-elected.

Republican leaders are among the first to admit they can no longer contemplate a victory of similar proportions to the one Reagan achieved in 1980, let alone on the scale of Mrs Thatcher's landslide.

For a start, the Democrats are not in the same disarray as Labour was under Michael Foot. After two years of demoralising dissension following the nation's rejection of Carterism, the party is starting to display a new cutting edge and an ability to expose and exploit weaknesses in the President's armour. The Democrats now look like a viable opposition rather than a collection of feuding special interest groups.

More important, however, is the President's declining reputation among various key constituencies. Although the trade unions have traditionally supported the Democratic Party, hundreds of thousands of blue-collar workers voted for Reagan in 1980. Many have now showed their intention of switching back again, blaming Reagan for high

unemployment and savage reductions in social benefits.

The AFL-CIO is to endorse a candidate for the first time in its history. The organization's choice will almost certainly be Mondale; it definitely will not be Reagan. Whoever is chosen will benefit from a big injection of funds and extensive organizational support from union activists.

The President's biggest headache is over women. He was rudely reminded of the "gender gap" last week when one of his own appointees, Barbara Honegger, resigned as head of a task force looking into sexually discriminating legislation, claiming that the President's alternative programme to the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) was "a sham".

Republican and private pollsters have shown that women tend to disapprove of Reagan in far greater numbers than men, a trend that threatens his chances of carrying some key southern states.

Then there are the blacks and Hispanics. Both groups, with the exception of Hispanics of Cuban origins, are traditional Democratic supporters but their registration and turnout as voters has been low. But a registration drive among the two communities, fuelled by the widespread belief that they have been ignored by an administration which favours big business and the wealthy, could produce millions of new Democratic voters.

Reagan's defence policies, particularly his plans to beef up America's nuclear defences, are also causing him problems with an electorate which is increasingly concerned about the dangers of nuclear war.

President Reagan's strongest card is the economy. Inflation has been slashed since he came to office, production is rising and the economy seems set on a path of renewed growth. Nevertheless, some of his advisers, as well as independent economists, believe the good economic news may have come too early. By next year growth may be more sluggish. Voters will have become accustomed to low inflation but will still be deeply conscious of what is expected to be a continued high level of unemployment.

Reagan does, at least, have the luxury of not having to fight off rivals for the Republican nomination. If he does decide to run it is expected he will be the first incumbent since General Eisenhower in 1956 not to have to contest a primary.

The Republican Party and Reagan's own advisers are acutely aware of this, which is why they seem so determined to push him into seeking another term. If Reagan runs again the Republicans will have a good chance of retaining control of the White House even though they may lose their present majority in the Senate. If he does not, they risk losing the White House as well.

Nicholas Ashford



St Wilfrid's, empty and unwanted. Right, the ceiling that deters

Wanted, a saviour for St Asbestos

Gavin Stamp on the future of a redundant church suffering from a fashionable health hazard

Redundant churches are not a new problem. York and Norwich are full of medieval churches that have found new uses or are simply preserved as the venerable monuments they are. The demolition of such familiar and ancient buildings is generally regarded as unacceptable.

Georgian and Victorian churches also become redundant, especially if they stand in depopulated inner-city areas. Here the chances of survival are lower but the Church of England has a machinery which is employed to try and find alternative uses for the building if it is of architectural significance. Standing in Brighton, however, is a redundant church which is proving to be a special and very difficult case: it is a church built so recently that many can see no virtue in it, and it is also affected by the latest fashionable health scare.

The church is that dedicated to St Wilfrid in suburban Elm Grove, which was consecrated exactly 50 years ago in 1933. The building is constructed of brick and concrete, with much more of the former than of the latter, and is a very subtle design by a most subtle and strange architect, H. S. Goodhart-Rendel. Rendel is often thought of principally as a writer about Victorian architecture, and St Wilfrid's is full of references to the mid-Victorian Gothic Revival churches he admired so much, but he was also a clever and individualistic designer.

Most new churches of the 1920s and 1930s - and there are many that are very fine - were built in new suburbs. It was the peculiar tragedy of St Wilfrid's to be built in a small parish and in a town which is embarrassingly well stocked with magnificent churches. St Wilfrid's

was clearly a building which the Church of England quite reasonably would choose first for closure, and in 1980 it was declared redundant. Under the Church of England's Pastoral Measure of 1968, a redundant church enjoys a "waiting period" of three years while alternative uses are sought for it.

This year the Advisory Board for Redundant Churches was faced with a difficult decision: either to vest St Wilfrid's in the Redundant Churches Fund - which simply preserves the very best churches as monuments - or to authorize its demolition. Fortunately, the Board did neither and recommended that more time and effort be necessary to find an appropriate new use for it.

St Wilfrid's is, in fact, a much more practical proposition for alternative uses than most Anglican churches. It has an uncluttered and well lit interior not encumbered by special fittings and, being so modern, it also has facilities like lavatories. Many bodies did approach the diocese with proposals for rebuilding, but all have been deterred by the apparent high cost of repair.

St Wilfrid's is not falling down, but it does need repair, including complete repointing. The real problem, however, is much more uncertain. Like most architects, Goodhart-Rendel used new materials which do not always survive the test of time. To ensure that the acoustics were satisfactory, he sprayed the ceiling with a special plaster made of glue and asbestos.

Unfortunately, asbestos has now become an emotive, if not hysterical subject. Many people assume that the mere presence of asbestos in a building is a danger to health. In

fact, it is dangerous only when it disintegrates and is breathed in. No "air test" has been taken in St Wilfrid's to see if the ceiling does in fact have to be dealt with. Removal of the offending plaster will certainly be expensive, but possibly it would be perfectly harmless sealed in by paint. It would be tragic if mere unfounded suspicion of a health risk should doom the building to destruction.

Another problem is that common condition in Britain: "Antiquarian Prejudice." St Wilfrid's is not "old", so many people cannot conceive that it could be a building of any interest. This blinkered prejudice has condemned many fine buildings to oblivion. Once it was thought that architecture ended in 1714 - the date when the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments ended its survey - so that not only Victorian but even Georgian buildings were regarded as of no interest. Today it is architecture of the period of St Wilfrid's which is suffering from ignorance and prejudice.

Sir John Betjeman has said there is little doubt that "St Wilfrid's is about the best Thirties church there is. That it should be demolished is unthinkable".

One problem, perhaps, with St Wilfrid's is that it is such a very clever building. It is not easily labelled: it is neither "Modern" nor "Traditionalist" and it sports none of the familiar visual clichés of "Art Deco" or of International Modern.

In the very polarized architectural politics of his time, Goodhart-Rendel tried to find an intelligent balance between the aggressive and self-consciousness modernity of the day and the safe, sentimental conservatism of many church architects.

That is what makes St Wilfrid's so very impressive for it is unashamedly modern in its use of concrete and in its certain austerity of mood, yet in the modelling of its beautiful exterior brickwork it is full of resonances of buildings of the past - but without using a single pointed Gothic arch.

A report published by two conservation societies, SAVE Britain's Heritage and the Thirties Society, suggests that the estimate for repair secured by the Diocese of Chichester - £120,000 - may be much too high, and it is this estimate which has deterred many potential users. It also points out that, when there is a will, redundant churches in a much more precarious state than St Wilfrid's can be saved.

It is sadly typical of the lack of communication between all the interested authorities concerned with redundant churches that the Historic Buildings Council of the Department of the Environment have not been asked if it might contribute to the repair of the building.

If money can be found for repairs and to deal with the asbestos plaster, then it will become a practical proposition for re-use. One very real possibility for its future is as a store for the Brighton Museum and Art Gallery, whose collections are particularly strong in the period when St Wilfrid's was designed.

What is certain is that - as with the Euston Arch - potentially will not be demolished a masterpiece when the alternatives are clear and possible. The author is chairman of the Thirties Society.

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and the safe, sentimental conservatism of many church architects. That is what makes St Wilfrid's so very impressive for it is unashamedly modern in its use of concrete and in its certain austerity of mood, yet in the modelling of its beautiful exterior brickwork it is full of resonances of buildings of the past - but without using a single pointed Gothic arch.

A report published by two conservation societies, SAVE Britain's Heritage and the Thirties Society, suggests that the estimate for repair secured by the Diocese of Chichester - £120,000 - may be much too high, and it is this estimate which has deterred many potential users. It also points out that, when there is a will, redundant churches in a much more precarious state than St Wilfrid's can be saved.

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Gerald Kaufman

Emergency, ward them off

I have just, somewhat belatedly, discovered a (to me) new, highly talented writer of detective fiction, Robert Barnard, and have avidly been catching up on his past output. In *Blood Brotherhood*, set in an international religious symposium held in Yorkshire, a British cleric gives way to uncharitable thoughts about an overseas delegate: "A tall, weighty young man, over-scrubbed, probably American", thought the bishop, or worse, Canadian.

After nearly two weeks touring Canada, I can see what the bishop meant. A high proportion of Canadians appear to match their attractive and agreeable country in being almost alarmingly neatly turned out. In addition, they seem gleamingly healthy. However, Canadians, like everybody else, fall sick from time to time and when they do they can avail themselves of publicly-financed medicare services provided by their country's provincial governments. Budgets, inevitably, are tight. The general secretary of the Ontario Medical Association alleges that price has become the sole criterion determining health care needs.

However, certain groups of people, radiant with public spirit, are generously offering to help to solve the problem. Private companies are seeking to involve themselves massively in health provision. They argue that they can manage Canadian hospitals more efficiently than the public sector, providing satisfactory care at less cost.

Such claims will no doubt cause a pricking-up of ears in Mrs Thatcher's cabinet. Ministers in our Tory government are anxious, as they put it, to roll back the frontiers of the state. That objective applies to the social services as well as to industry. If this can be achieved while simultaneously cutting public expenditure and with no detriment to service standards, then any transatlantic experiments may speedily be emulated in Britain. The hidden manifesto can be taken off the shelf, dusted down and implemented; and at the same time the Government will be able to assert that Conservatives are actually more reliable guardians of the National Health Service than the old-fashioned stick-in-the-mud socialists.

Certainly, Canadian exponents of private management are ebullient about what they promise to provide. Mr Harold Livergant, president of a Toronto company called Extensicare, declares: "I don't think I'm doing anything that is sinful. I deliver good care and I spend less of society's money than would otherwise be spent because I'm extremely efficient."

However, evidence from the United States, where private hospital management has been operating for some years, challenges such confidence. A recent study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* concludes that money-

making hospital chains are more expensive than their non-profit counterparts and that they do not take care of sick people any more efficiently. Indeed, it is contended that administrative expenses have actually increased.

It all sounds uncannily like experience to date of privatization of local authority services in Britain. Fanfares announce that overmanned workforces will be reduced with the residual operatives better paid, that inadequate street cleaning or garbage collection will suddenly be transformed into a model of promptitude and reliability; and that there will be vast savings for the ratepayers into the bargain. Months go by, streets get dirtier, rubbish piles up, badly-paid workers go on strike against their poor conditions of employment and overtaxed ratepayers look back with nostalgia to what they had hoped to regard as the bad old days. In at least one case, suspicion of financial mismanagement has led to calls for an extraordinary audit.

"It may be fine to sell luxury goods on a profit motive, but you can't apply the same principles to the running of a hospital. It simply leads to unjust and costly care."

Those who promise benefits from privatization sound magnificent - until they are tested. However, sometimes they blurt out the real reasons behind their zealous wish to do the public a good turn. Listen to Mr Winston Ling, Extensicare's vice-president of finance. When you can charge a patient \$200, \$300 or even \$400 a day for acute hospital care, it's a pretty good reason to be in the United States, where private companies are allowed to own and manage hospitals. It's a very, very profitable business," Dr Philip Berger, a member of the Medical Reform Group of Ontario, sees it differently. "It may be fine to sell luxury goods on a profit motive, but you can't apply the same principles to the running of a hospital. It simply leads to unjust and costly care."

It was to end deprivation and discrimination in sickness that the National Health Service was started in Britain 35 years ago. Even in its present somewhat tattered state, it is still the envy of the world and, in particular of people subjected to the tender solicitude of companies such as Extensicare. Experiments like that being attempted in Ontario sound very nice provided, that is, that you are not poor or simply of modest means, and provided that you are not sick. If you suffer from both these disadvantages, then privatization will ensure that you become poorer or sicker, or both.

The author is Labour MP for Manchester, Gorton.

Ann Sofer

Child's play, but not for me

Last week our cat was sick all over the Sinclair Spectrum Home Computer. It was quite an achievement; indeed such a feat that there can be no doubt at all that it was deliberate. To get there he had to jump on to a table, squeeze round the television, negotiate a tangle of wires and notebooks and screwed up bits of silver-print-out material until he finally made it to that flimsy little keyboard (looking like a Woolworth's Toddler's Typewriter) to aim directly at the target.

He could so very much more comfortably have stayed on the floor, and I'm sure he would have done so had he not been determined to wreak his revenge on the thing. After all, to be supplanted as plaything-in-chief, to be yelled at ("Get your feet off, you bad cat... no cat!... Quick! Move, shut the door!") rather than be cooed to, so self-motivated, plaintively, banished while former champions of cats' rights take not a blind bit of notice - such insults should not go unavenged. So it was an understandable act, even, if you want to be sentimental and were not the person who had to clear up the mess, an act of character.

And even though I was that person, I have a certain smacking sympathy. Middle-aged, middle-class parents, educated (as was thought perfectly proper - especially for girls - only a generation ago) with little maths and less science, on the assumption that the world would be well and humanely run by people with a good liberal arts background, are up against something new and threatening in the computer revolution.

We are suddenly like immigrants to a land with a strange and difficult language, too old to master it ourselves, and having to rely on our children as interpreters: with blind faith, like humble illiterates with ambitions for their children: buying unintelligible encyclopaedias from the door-to-door salesman, succumbing to the blandishments of the soft sell for the hardware. And the Government and the whole of society is doing the same: hurry, hurry, a computer in every school! The one bit of education spending that is never to be cut. We are hugely enthusiastic, but how many of us know what it is all about?

In this matter of knowing what it is all about, I have a sense of a sharp generation class - running some-

where between the ages of 20 and 30. Although there are many exceptions on either side, there is on the other side (from me) of that divide a widespread general self-confidence in approaching anything to do with computers that is lacking on this one. They know that if they apply themselves and manage to get their heads on the things they will be able to use them: it is their world, their language; their inheritance.

I regard with sympathy but suspicion those teachers of computer studies (and I have met quite a few) who, themselves the wrong side of the generation divide, are dismissive or actively hostile about the home-computer explosion. "They just play around," I've been told. "They aren't learning the right things. They'll get into bad habits."

That is exactly what used to be said, 20 years or so ago, about the dangers of parents trying to teach their children to read.

I'm sure that subconsciously the main worry is that the children will get ahead of them. For the next ten years or so, until the present generation of under-twenties become parents and home computers become as common as electric shavers or wrist-watches, we will all be scrambling, so to speak, to catch up with the toddlers.

There has been much discussion of what the computer will do to employment, to working patterns and life-styles, less about how it will actually affect thought itself. Not long ago I attended a lecture about computers in education. We were told that the computer revolution was doing for our intellectual powers what the industrial revolution had done for our physical powers - enhancing and magnifying them many times over.

But will it do for the human mind what the industrial revolution has done for the human body? That is, brought it enrichment beyond the dreams of our ancestors but also a whole complex of ills - industrial diseases, stress, flabbiness? Will certain sorts of mental poverty become a thing of the past, but the unforeseen side-effects of the new mental affluence become a major preoccupation for our children's children?

My mind, unenhanced, unmagnified, as wary and puzzled as the poor upstaged cat's, boggles.

The author is SDP member of the GLC/LEA for Camden, St Pancras North.



Mel Calman in the Edinburgh front line

Suffering from a cultural overdose

In a whole month in London. Between routine I fortified myself with pots of tea and scones at the Edinburgh Bookshop. The sight of Edinburgh ladies sipping tea and exchanging gossip is the best antidote for cultural overdose.

Day Two, I did less and by Day Three I was choosing what not to see. I decided not to see *Archy and Mehitabel* as a musical or the Turkish Cypriot Dancers or *The Lass with the Muckle Maw* or *Rock Taruffe*. I even reluctantly chose to avoid a mime who reflected the contrasts and pressures of modern life. I can do that at home - and without paying.

I was battered into laughter by the *Stand Up Comedy* at the Music Hall. This fantastic trio includes Rik Mayall. My daughters inform me that he is the man they most wish to know. Every time I meet a pretty

woman here she asks me if I could introduce her to Rik Mayall. Should I give up being a cartoonist and become a stand-up comic instead?

Everyone else, it seems, has given up work to become one. It's the newest social problem. If three people gather together at a party, you can be sure that one is rehearsing his (or her) routine and the other two are pretending to be an audience.

I keep meeting people I didn't know I knew. The Assembly Rooms club forces me to be gregarious and some nights I don't get to bed before two. Having a good time is tough. I have sat on too many hard seats. I have gazed at too many underlit church halls. I have seen one man imitate penis envy, two men give

birth to the Messiah, and hundreds of Germans try to sabotage *The Magic Flute*. I have seen *The Last Days of Mankind* as a Viennese café but I left before my cup was drained to the bitter end.

I do not want to name-drop, but Victoria Wood goes shopping near my rented flat and the other day she nearly smiled at me.

On night at the Caley Hotel I spoke briefly to Richard Demarco and Frank Dulong. I also met "an attractive woman who teaches aerobic dancing with Lionel Blair" but I have lost the Fringe programme with her name and telephone number scribbled on it.

What profiteth it a Man if he gains the Culture but loses his phone numbers?

مكتبة الامم المتحدة



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MR BEGIN'S EMPTY CHAIR

During the six years that Mr Menachem Begin has been prime minister of Israel, his departure from that office has been frequently and heartily desired by most of the foreign leaders who have had to deal with him, from the President of the United States down. The outside world in general has seen him as a very obstinate man whose determination to incorporate the West Bank of the Jordan and the Gaza Strip into Israel has thwarted any hope that the Sadat initiative would develop into a general Arab-Israeli peace, while his obsession with the threat to Israel's security from the Palestine Liberation Organization has led to the devastation of much of Lebanon and to Israel's seemingly inextricable embroilment there.

Had Mr Begin not become prime minister in 1977 President Carter would have had higher hopes of reaching an overall settlement through a resumed Geneva Peace Conference. Had he not been prime minister in 1978 President Sadat might have obtained at Camp David a formula more encouraging to other potential Arab negotiators. Had he not been prime minister in 1981 President Reagan might have had a better chance of reviving the Egyptian-Israeli autonomy talks. Had he not been in office in 1982 Israel would probably not have invaded Lebanon. Had he left office even last autumn the Reagan Plan might have been taken more seriously both in Israel and the Arab world.

We shall never know. For the fact is that at none of those junctures was Mr Begin prepared to resign. Nor were his Israeli electors willing to dispense with his services when given the

opportunity to do so. Israel is as it is, which is not always as others would like it to be. For the last six years Israel has been represented, in the full sense of that word, by Mr Begin.

If yesterday's announcement means what it says, that he has now decided to quit, that must reflect, at least in part, his own conviction that the fundamental choices he has made on Israel's behalf are no longer in any serious danger of being reversed. In major matters he has had his way. Israel now holds the strategic initiative in the region. He has that cause for satisfaction.

That does not mean he is bowing out in triumph. On the contrary, the last 12 months have brought a series of trials and reverses which, by all accounts, have soured the fruits of office in Mr Begin's mouth. No doubt the worst for him, on the purely personal level, was the death of his wife Aliza last November. Without her, he has visibly lost much of the verve which formerly characterized his political style. And the timing of the loss was bad. The war in Lebanon had severely damaged Israel's world reputation, and soon after Mrs Begin's death, in February of this year, Mr Begin's government and he personally as prime minister, were publicly censured by a commission of inquiry which a massive movement of Israeli public opinion had obliged them to set up to establish responsibility for the Sabra-Chatila massacre.

In the ensuing crisis, passions were aroused to the point where some normally sober Israelis spoke of the danger of civil war, and indeed one Israeli demonstrator was killed by his fellow citizens. Mr Begin

weathered that storm; in a sense it even raised his stature since his personality was seen as one of the few forces still holding the country together. But the summer has seen his government's popularity slipping away, as Israeli soldiers continued to die in Lebanon and the economy staggered into a crisis that even the enormous subsidy Israel receives from the United States cannot wholly disguise. The latter issue may be more important to the majority of Israelis but the former is especially traumatic for Mr Begin, who undoubtedly believed when he sanctioned the invasion of Lebanon, that it would protect Jewish lives, and who has let it be known that the 24-hour vigil outside his residence, exhibiting the growing death toll, causes him intense personal distress.

For all that, one cannot easily imagine Mr Begin deciding to resign if he felt his policies were under great pressure - if, for instance, the Reagan Plan were still being actively canvassed. But clearly that is not so. The Arabs, having failed to exploit the moment of opportunity which last year's Israeli blunders offered them, the Reagan administration has now abandoned any serious effort to persuade Israel to keep the West Bank available as a Palestinian homeland. No such effort can now be expected before the United States presidential election in November 1984, and by then so many Israelis will be living in the West Bank that no Israeli government is likely to contemplate withdrawing from it. Mr Begin can afford to retire. For it no longer makes any immediate difference who his successor is.

THE MANTLE OF LUTHER KING

The American House of Representatives recently approved a bill declaring the Monday nearest January 15 a federal public holiday in commemoration of Martin Luther King, the black leader assassinated in Memphis in 1968. It promises to pass swiftly through the Senate when the Congress reassembles. President Reagan has had deep, and proper, misgivings about elevating Dr King to the company of George Washington, who also endows one of the scarce American public holidays. But now the White House indicates the President would be likely to sign the bill into law. The season for electoral gestures is open, heralded by the overtures the President is now making towards women, Hispanics and all the others the pollsters tell him need attention if he is to run again.

The real concern of many black Americans is about food stamps and welfare programmes and the speed of economic recovery when they, as ever, are at the back of the queue for jobs. But for black leaders, as for the President, symbols count. The re-creation on Saturday of the 1963 civil rights march on Washington D.C. was a good example of a theatrical gesture unlinked to the Congressional committees and compromised coalitions which secure legislative change in the United States.

Twenty years ago Dr King vividly described both a dream and a shopping list of electoral and anti-discrimination laws. Today, with many of the reforms attained, the marchers' agenda

for practical action is vague - beyond a claim for additional black representation, and a complaint that the President's money-saving measures hit the poor hardest.

Mr Jesse Jackson, the leading claimant to Dr King's mantle, says plausibly enough that blacks merely want "parity" in their number becoming sheriff, mayor, tax assessor and dog-catcher. But any aspirant for the highest federal office, the presidency, must stand for something in addition to himself or his skin colour. Mr Jackson has been silent on the fiscal facts of life, on defence, or how the already extravagant federal budget deficit would be inflated by the additional social spending he presumably wants for the cities. As a contender for the Democratic nomination his candidacy (yet to be formally announced and still being urgently debated among black leaders) would be merely symbolic.

And of what? Next month Mr Jackson promises to cross the Atlantic, though his announced itinerary - the Soviet Union and black American soldiers based in Germany - hardly makes it a European trip. It might, however, make the stuff of his presidential bid more apparent. On present evidence there are all too many signs (which few American preachers fail to exhibit) of Elmer Gantry. Beside, say, Mr Benjamin Hooks of the civil rights old guard or even Mr Andrew Young, mayor of Atlanta and President Carter's undiplomatic ambassador to the

United Nations, Mr Jackson appears of lesser build.

Yet Mr Jackson symbolizes the American black's new electoral potency, a late-gathered fruit of the voting rights reforms secured by Dr King's campaigning and President Lyndon Johnson's politics. Blacks are not alone in sensing the potential of voter registration drives; the entire Democratic camp has been alerted in recent years by the success of the mainly Republican "political action committees", and its regiments in the labour unions and the ethnic communities are mobilizing. Mr Jackson has put himself at the head of an electoral campaign which could see black votes deciding both primaries and the presidency in several states and many cities. He is a power in the land or, as he put it in the inimitable American way: "If the party is forthcoming I'd put jet fuel in my butt. If it's not, I'd sit on it."

But for what policies and for which convincing presidential candidate are those theoretical electoral margins to be used? Surely they are too valuable to be wasted on a divisive run by Mr Jackson for the sake of "blackness". The political maturity of the black leadership in an era far removed from the heady days of the 1960s will be tested as it now considers trading those votes for Mr Jackson's symbolism or, under tried and trusted convention, offering them to Mr Walter Mondale or Mr John Glenn for the rewards of a traditional black and white Democrat coalition.

'AND MAY THE BETTER YACHT WIN'

Now that the dispute over eligibility has been put out of the way, there seems an even chance that the contest for the America's Cup may be settled where it should be, on the water. It is not reasonable in the nature of things to hope for an end to the protests, gamesmanship and tactical leaks, because such devices are integral to the character of the affair. But now that the New York Yacht Club has handsomely if belatedly conceded in the words above that the two remaining challengers are the genuine article, the saltwater tipsters laying odds on which of them will meet Courageous or Liberty will be able to ease the odds on an outcome in which applause may outweigh recriminations.

Not that recriminations ever seem to have done the contest much harm in the past. The greater the rancour, the more fiercely the defeated have burned to expunge it with a fresh challenge. Until the 1970's the rules still enabled the defenders to act in some degree as judges in their own cause: and since the fear of being the first to lose the trophy has acted on every generation of American yachts-

men with an obsessive force, the temptation to take advantage of that position was often hard to resist. But by now the rules are fair, and ideas of what is acceptable in international sport are more cut and dried. A continued attempt by the NYCC to seek to rule out vessels that the competent authorities had declared acceptable within the 12-metre rule might well have caused future challengers to conclude that whatever happened they would never be allowed to win.

That would be a pity, both because there is some worthwhile technological spin-off from the millions lavished on the Cup, and because it retains an inextinguishable public appeal. There can hardly be an international sporting event which arouses so much interest while apparently so little calculated to entertain an audience. The huge and specialized vessels, with a different sail to meet every slightest nuance of the wind and enough electronic gadgetry to guide a space shuttle are far removed from the kind of boats that even the minority who sail can ever hope to be familiar with. Of all kinds of yacht racing - never a sport that lends itself to

the interests of spectators - 12-metre match racing is perhaps the dulllest to watch, and the most apt to turn into a procession whose subtleties are virtually impalpable to the necessarily distant onlooker.

It is partly the glamour of money, no doubt, and nostalgia for the ghosts of the yachts which used to compete for the Cup when a 12-metre was regarded as modest in size. But the main reason for the appeal of the Cup is that in spite of all the spending, gossip and ballyhoo, it remains extremely simple in the last resort. Not all the technology in the world can save a helmsman from throwing the whole effort away by a momentary tactical error. Not even the most up-to-date of necromancy can enable him to anticipate and avoid being confounded by some whim of the wind as it bloweth where it listeth. And if it listeth not to blow at all (not an uncommon event in Rhode Island Sound in the summer), the immaculate hulls, finely-drilled crews, and all that skill, wealth and enthusiasm can provide, will have to sit and wait to see whether it will come back.

Step by step to alternative medicine

From Professor D.J. Weatherall, FRS

Sir, Your leader (August 10) and recent articles on alternative forms of medical treatment present a disturbing and not entirely accurate picture of modern scientific medicine. You argue that the medical profession disregards the personal factor in disease and is unwilling to even consider the possibility that unconventional forms of therapy may have a role to play in clinical practice.

The notion that scientific medicine has lost sight of the individual patient in a cloud of high technology is widely accepted by those who have never worked or been a patient in a modern hospital. But what is the evidence that this is true?

I have worked in teaching hospitals for 20 years and have observed a major change in attitude to patient care, particularly among younger doctors and medical students. Of course they are interested in disease. But, unlike many of their predecessors, they are increasingly aware of the pastoral aspects of their work and of the importance of their patients as individuals with personal and environmental problems.

I wish that those who are constantly criticising the attitudes of the medical profession would spend a day with me in the company of some of our younger doctors; they might be surprised to learn that a great deal more time is spent on sorting out the patient's personal problems than on the application of high technology medicine. In fact, medical science has taught us how completely ignorant we are about most disease processes and hence has underlined the importance of patients' individual reactions to their diseases.

In turn, this is creating a sense of humility among our younger doctors: arrogance and disinterest in patients as individuals may still exist, but it is much less common than it was some years ago.

In one sense, modern scientific medicine is suffering from the speed of its own development. In the short period since the Second World War we have seen the emergence of antibiotics, modern anaesthesia, the prevention of many killing diseases such as smallpox, poliomyelitis and many crippling genetic disorders,

organ transplantation, heart surgery and many other advances which have transformed clinical medicine. The very speed of these advances has raised the expectation that modern medicine can (and should) do anything.

When it became apparent that, for example, advanced cancer, some forms of heart and rheumatic disease, and psychosomatic disorders were not going to be controlled immediately by new advances in medical science there was a natural tendency among the Secretary of State for the Environment under the provisions of the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act 1979.

More particularly, it is necessary to ask whether the excavation should go ahead at all. The site, a group of burial mounds, some of them probably containing rich graves like the ship burial dug in 1939, is legally protected in perpetuity; whilst fears have been expressed about the threats from "treasure hunters" with metal detectors, the principal danger would seem to be posed by archaeologists themselves.

It is axiomatic that all excavation is destruction: accordingly the total or near-total excavation proposed will have a correspondingly damaging effect on this unique site. Coupled with this, it is evident that techniques of non-destructive site analysis have advanced significantly during the past decade and are likely to do so in the future.

What is the justification for the excavation: what questions must be answered now rather than in the future?

At present permission has only been granted for non-destructive

Threat to Sutton Hoo burial site

From Mr Nigel A. Kerr

Sir, A year ago you published a report of the proposed excavation of the Anglo-Saxon royal burial site at Sutton Hoo, Suffolk. Since then work has begun on surveys in advance of excavation and digging is scheduled to start in due course. In view of the forthcoming establishment in April, 1984, of the Ancient Monuments Commission, it is pertinent to ask whether it will look favourably upon the projected excavation, although the final decision will still rest with the Secretary of State for the Environment under the provisions of the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act 1979.

More particularly, it is necessary to ask whether the excavation should go ahead at all. The site, a group of burial mounds, some of them probably containing rich graves like the ship burial dug in 1939, is legally protected in perpetuity; whilst fears have been expressed about the threats from "treasure hunters" with metal detectors, the principal danger would seem to be posed by archaeologists themselves.

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survey of the site, which everyone must support. The crunch will come with the next stage of the work, when the Secretary of State must decide whether to permit the excavation and concomitant destruction of the site; he must search his conscience thoroughly. Equally he must treat his external advisers with circumspection.

The Society of Antiquaries of London, among other bodies, supports the project and hence must not allow any offence against natural justice by permitting archaeologists to be judge and jury in their own case.

For the Sutton Hoo excavation raises broader issues which were very much in mind when the first Ancient Monuments Act was passed in 1882. I can do no better than to remind you of the words of William Morris, who helped to stimulate public awareness of our national heritage at the time:

These... do not belong to us only. They belonged to our forefathers and will belong to our descendants unless we play our part. We are only the trustees for those who will come after us.

These comments applied to the generality of historic buildings, some of which are legally protected as ancient monuments; they apply *a fortiori* to a site of the undoubted significance of Sutton Hoo. Archaeological excavation is total destruction. Unlike endangered species, historic sites cannot reproduce themselves.

Yours faithfully,
NIGEL A. KERR,
Manor Farm House,
Spanby,
Near Sleaford,
Lincolnshire.
August 19.

Hardek's 'surrender'

From Mr Marek Garzdecki

Sir, With reference to your report (August 24) on the "surrender" of Mr Wladyslaw Hardek to the police, I should like to make some important points.

In our view this news item was not put in its proper context. We know, for instance, that as recently as July 28 Mr Hardek signed a document issued by the TKK (Solidarity's underground leadership) calling for workers to celebrate the anniversary on August 31 with a two-hour boycott of public transport. This appeal was repeated in early August, stressing that the TKK's fight continues.

It therefore seems highly improbable that the man who signed this document less than a month ago should have such an abrupt change of heart. Is it not more likely that he was induced to come out of hiding and make a statement by some form of severe pressure having been put on him? We are only too familiar

with the Polish authorities' methods in that respect.

In addition, his statement on television was worded in such a way that we believe it was not written by him. Again, it is likely that it was drawn up by representatives of the authorities. We should also point out that Mr Hardek's appearance on television does not make the occasion genuine, since it is well known that film has been falsified before - not least on the occasion when Lech Walesa was supposed to have been talking to General Jaruzelski.

The Polish government is waging a propaganda war against Solidarity, using fabricated items of news. This is a classic example of such use of propaganda. And, unfortunately, Western media seem to have swallowed it wholesale. Surely such items ought to be viewed with great scepticism and subjected to critical analysis.

Yours sincerely,
MAREK GARZDECKI,
Solidarnosc Working Group,
314/320 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

View of Chad

From Mr Michael Brothwood

Sir, Your leading article, "Eating people is wrong" (August 16) which, closer inspection reveals, deals with the subject of Chad, follows upon two earlier leading articles on that subject headed respectively "French headache in Chad" (July 11) and "Power abhors a vacuum" (August 5).

Sadly the indications of irresponsibility, arrogance, and narrow insularity which these titles suggest are fully borne out by the articles themselves. I suppose one must be thankful that you now (August 16) are prepared to state that "Chad does exist after all" and that you begin to depart from Lord Salisbury's lofty and detached view of Africa which you embraced so eagerly on August 5.

The problems of Chad and also the problems of Africa generally are, whether one likes it or not, of concern to all Europeans and that includes the United Kingdom. The French intervention there is to be welcomed and should receive Britain's support. The events in Chad require more serious and thoughtful treatment than you have so far chosen to give them and your paper is the poorer for that.

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL BROTHWOOD,
Flat 5,
22 Embankment Gardens, SW3.
August 18.

'Ham and High'

From the Editor of the Hampstead & Highgate Express

Sir, I must protest insistently at Beryl Downing's derivation of "Ham and High" in your columns on Saturday, August 20. While it would be comforting to think it went back a thousand years, it has nothing whatsoever to do with either homestead or high gate.

Indeed, "Ham and High" derives purely and totally from the affectionate way in which this newspaper has become known, and remains such. For the record, it is only a post-war phenomenon. Before that we were known as the "Haich and Haich".

Yours faithfully,
GERALD ISAAMAN, Editor,
Hampstead & Highgate Express,
Perrins Court,
Hampstead High Street, NW3.
August 22.

Enigma codebreaking

From Mr James Rusbridger

Sir, Mr Eric Higgins is wrong when he states in his article ("The key to keeping secrets secret", August 16) that Bleichley Park "regularly broke each new German (Enigma) key within 24 hours".

Several Enigma keys were never broken at all, including a number of naval cryptos such as Pike, Theis, and Barracuda, and the important Gestapo TGD cipher which, for some curious and as yet unexplained reason, survived intact throughout the entire war. Many other keys, including the German Navy's Hydra, were only broken after varying delays ranging up to 48 hours.

Furthermore, many of these breaks came not from the use of computers but were due to mistakes by bored operators introducing repetitive patterns into the cipher text or, for example as happened during the Bismarck action in May, 1941, sending the same plain text by both high and low-grade cipher.

The problem with any cipher system remains that the more complicated it is made to use the more likely operators are to take short-cuts in procedures and thus defeat its impregnability. Yours faithfully,
JAMES RUSBRIDGER,
7 Tremena Road,
St Austell,
Cornwall.
August 16.

Religion and ratings

From the Reverend Dr Colin Morris

Sir, Your leader (August 18) raises a number of important issues affecting not just religious broadcasting policy but general Christian strategy. Underlying all the discussion about the scheduling of religious programmes on television are basic questions to do with the nature of the Christian Sunday in the television age and in a multi-faith society.

Broadcasting authorities cannot deal with such questions unilaterally. The fundamental rethinking must come from the churches and the religious constituencies. And society in general must also declare a view.

It would be improper for me to comment on the immediate issue of the IBA's decision to allow religious programmes such as *Credo* to be transmitted at around 2pm on Sundays rather than 6pm as at present. There is, however, a statement about BBC religious

policy in your leader which I would challenge.

You write: "The (Central Religious Advisory) committee failed to resist the BBC's similar proposals seven years ago... That was permission for the BBC to compete as vigorously as it liked for the Sunday evening audience, showing its serious religious output right at the end of the evening."

In fact, far from CRAC "failing to resist the BBC's proposals", it positively endorsed the move from 6pm to 10.15pm because the later placing was in the mainstream of Sunday evening output with a strong inheritance of viewers from the mass appeal programmes which preceded it.

It is also fair to point out that when the BBC moved its *Everyman* documentary series from 6pm to 10.15pm seven years ago it faced competition from ITV and BBC2 as fierce as that *Credo* has been experiencing of late. I doubt many professional broadcasters would endorse your opinion that ITV's proposal to move

religious programmes to 2pm is in terms of viewership, on all fours with the BBC's move to 10.15pm seven years ago.

Only of the past 18 months would it be correct to claim that BBC religious programmes have been moved nearer to (not "right at") the end of the evening.

This move was one element in an experiment that will be discontinued at the end of the year. Future plans envisage placing religious programmes more in line with the position of seven years ago.

One useful afterthought. It is refreshing at least for the broadcasting authorities to be castigated for not adequately protecting religious programmes. They are more usually reviled for their pusillanimity in not permitting religious programmes to make their own way in the schedules on merit alone.

Yours sincerely,
COLIN MORRIS,
Head of Religious Broadcasting,
BBC Television Centre,
White City, W12.
August 22.

Refugees' contribution

From Professor Walter Laqueur

Sir, Mr Bernard Denvir (August 25) rightly stresses the need to assess the cultural contribution made by refugees.

The Weiner Library and Institute of Contemporary History has collected such material for several decades and it may serve as the basis for both academic studies and radio and television programmes. But considerably more support is needed to continue and complete this project.

Yours sincerely,
WALTER LAQUEUR, Director,
Institute of Contemporary History
and Wiener Library Limited,
4 Devonshire Street, W1.
August 25.

Of a different feather

From the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Sierra Leone

Sir, I was able, in the course of my last transit through London in early August, to secure a copy of *The Second Cuckoo*, which I understand was only made available on the bookshelves a week or so before.

Though it was somewhat late in the season, it still reads and sounds (as my family is treated to viva voce renditions of some of the amusing selections) refreshing.

I beg to remain one of your no doubt innumerable cuckoo supporters, or shall I say watchers in the tropics of the *Musophagidae* family.

Yours faithfully,
ABDULAI O. CONTEH,
Minister of Foreign Affairs,
Sierra Leone.
August 16.

MOTOR RACING: CRASH UPSETS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP LEADERS

Arnoux capitalises on collision

From John Binsden
Zandvoort

The World Championship battle was thrown wide open yesterday when Ferrari drivers René Arnoux and Patrick Tambay crashed first and second in the Dutch Grand Prix after the two championship leaders Alain Prost and Nelson Piquet had collided while fighting for the lead and retired with damaged cars. Arnoux is now only eight points behind Prost, while Piquet and Tambay are joint third, only six points further behind with three races still to come.

The accident occurred at the end of a main straight on lap 42 when Prost left his braking very late in trying to overtake Piquet's car which had led from the start. The Renault was first into the corner but with all brakes failed, the car slid wide into the path of Piquet's Brabham-BMW which was shunted off the circuit. Prost continued for about half a lap, then his damaged front wheel failed and sent his car straight off the track. Neither driver was hurt.

It was my fault entirely," Prost said. "I missed a red flag and Piquet was philosophical. 'We were both fighting hard for both the race and the championship and it was just one of those things. I know Alain wouldn't do something like that on purpose'."

Third place by John Watson was an unexpected bonus for the Marlboro McLaren team after Niki Lauda's new TAG turbo-powered car with brake problems. Watson, who expects to also have a turbo car for Monza in two weeks' time, claimed



Arnoux: suddenly in front



Tambay: came good

the best results with a three-litre Ford Cosworth engine since Michele Alboreto (sixth yesterday despite a pit stop) and a broken exhaust) won the Detroit Grand Prix in June.

Derek Warwick's long wait for his first championship points is over, the talented Toleman-Hart driver claiming fourth place the day after his 29th birthday. "Having had so much bad luck in the past, I was just one of those things. I know Alain wouldn't do something like that on purpose."

Nigel Mansell, however, was not so lucky. After running as high as fifth place with his FRS Lotus during the early laps, he locked up his brakes going into a corner and spun off the track and out of the race. Earlier, Elio De Angelis had

parked the team's other car when his engine simply cut out.

For Ferrari, the first two places secured far beyond reach with Tambay left behind on the grid with a dragging clutch and Arnoux down in seventh place. The Brabham and Renault drivers settled down to contest the first four places, chased by De Cesaris' Alfa Romeo, which soon retired with smoke billowing from the back of the engine.

However, by half distance Arnoux had improved to third and Tambay had climbed through the field to sixth place. With the help of the Prost-Piquet incident and a commanding lead of 45 seconds over Watson, whose Brabham-BMW later succumbed to turbo failure

after a long battle with Tambay's Ferrari.

Eddie Cheever, the Renault driver who had second place in the opening laps after a meteoric start from eleventh on the grid, later dropped back and had the unfortunate to run out of fuel and break an ATS engine's drive during a mid-race pit stop. It was a black day for the ATS team, whose driver, Manfred Winkelhock, was disqualified for starting from his normal grid position instead of from the back after being late out of the pits. He was later found to have topped ten before being flagged.

The Japanese Formula One Grand Prix could be revived next year or in 1985. Jean-Marie Bédier, president of the International Auto-Sport Federation, FISA, said.

RESULTS: 1. Arnoux (Ferrari, 72 laps, 1:38:41.550 sec, 118.85 mph); 2. Prost (Renault, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 3. Piquet (Renault, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 4. Watson (Brabham, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 5. Warwick (Toleman, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 6. Tambay (Ferrari, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 7. De Cesaris (Alfa Romeo, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 8. Mansell (Lotus, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 9. Lauda (McLaren, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 10. Winkelhock (ATS, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 11. De Angelis (Lotus, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 12. Cheever (Renault, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 13. Bédier (FISA, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 14. Bédier (FISA, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 15. Bédier (FISA, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 16. Bédier (FISA, 70 laps, 1:40:02.242 sec, 116.85 mph); 17. 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RACING: GORYTUS TO RETURN TO UNITED STATES AFTER FAILING AGAIN

Final chapter in the 'wonder horse' story

By Michael Seely
Gorytus is unlikely to run in England again after his disappointing performance behind Montekin in the Waterford Crystal Mile at Goodwood on Saturday. Dick Heenan, his trainer, said yesterday that he had not yet been able to contact Mrs J. Mills, the horse's owner in the United States, but that he thought it likely that Gorytus would be returning to that country.

Gorytus started favourite at 6-4. After looking a possible winner in the straight the Nijinsky colt weakened in the last furlong and finished fifth of the six runners. "There were no excuses. He is now running to a pattern," Major Heenan went on. "Gorytus seems afraid to let himself go. It may be that his remembering his uniform has a negative experience in the Dewhurst Stakes."

Horses possess an infinite capacity for deceiving people, even a trainer of such outstanding ability as Heenan. It was widely known before the 2,000 Guineas that Heenan considered it unlikely that Gorytus would be able to do himself justice in the soft ground without the

benefit of a previous outing. This was confirmed after the horse had finished fifth to Lomond at the recent York Ebor meeting. Since then he has continued to work impeccably at West Hley and over the distance of Saturday's race and on a sound surface it was thought that the horse's chance had come at last. But in the paddock following Gorytus was showing the tell-tale signs of nervousness. He was walking quickly and, even allowing for the heat, was sweating too much. In the race itself, the three-year-old appeared to unravel and lose his action when Willie Carson asked for a final effort.

Gorytus will be remembered long after horses with more consistent records have been forgotten. As a two-year-old he dominated the season's headlines. After his brilliant victories at York and Doncaster he was made a two Guineas favourite for 2,000 Guineas

and the Derby. Then came that mystifying performance at Newmarket when he started favourite but finished last of four behind Dialis, beaten a total of 37 lengths. No satisfactory explanation has or is now likely to be advanced.

Incidentally, Heenan was unable to confirm that Sun Princess, who has been made a hot favourite for the St Leger, would run at Doncaster.

Amazingly Montekin, the winner of Saturday's race had been without a win to his credit since capturing the Hollywood Stakes at Newbury in 1981. "Montekin had training troubles three years ago," John Dunlop said afterwards, "but he has been very pleased with him this season. He's grown up and become much more determined. He ran very well behind Noalcoholic in the Sussex Stakes and more recently when third in France. Montekin despatched this win. He dominated the race and Gorytus was doped tested after the race."

On this occasion Noalcoholic was conceding 8lb more than weight for age to the entire field and ran a

magnificent race to finish such a close third. "He's had such a busy season that I thought he might be getting tired," Gavin Pritchard-Gordon said. "Noalcoholic will now have a rest before his final run in the Challenge Stakes at Newmarket."

Sandhurst Prince also excelled himself. After making most of the running last year's winner faded in the last furlong to finish fourth. Guy Harwood had thought it likely that Sandhurst Prince would need this race after his lengthy absence from the course and is now looking forward to running the four-year-old in the Queen Elizabeth II Stakes at Ascot's September meeting.

The Fulbourn trainer was also delighted with Less Far's eight lengths victory in the Fitzroy Stakes at Newmarket. This win emphasized the strength of Harwood's hand in the two-year-old department and he will now have to choose between Less Far, Rottolillo and Raft for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster.

Thoughts of Greville Starkey's disqualification after winning the Drawing Room Stakes on Bluff

House the previous day were revived after watching the big race. Adolphus, who had been strong all day and it certainly appeared that Henry Cecil's three-year-old had been unlucky, Lester Piggott had tried repeatedly to obtain a clear run in the last three furlongs and it looked as though the race had been inhibited in his efforts to win the race because of the strict penalties now being enforced.

The highlights of this afternoon's feast of racing, with six meetings on the flat and five under national Hunt rules, are the Moore and Chandon Silver Magnam at Epsom, the Kenya Stakes at Newcastle and the Champion Two-Year-Old Trophy at Ripon.

Tim Thomson-Jones and Noble Gift look a difficult combination to beat in the Amateur Riders Derby at Epsom. Peter Walcott's race trainer will be using to win this race for the third time. Michael Stoute's four-year-old has run consistently well in good company this season.

Overseas racing, page 15



Big hand for a big-race hero: Brian Rouse is congratulated by Peter Winfield, the owner of Montekin after their victory in the Waterford Crystal Mile

Epsom

Draw advantage: Low numbers best
Tote Double: 3.5, 4.10. Treble: 2.30, 3.35, 4.45
(Television: (ITV) 2.30, 3.35 and 3.55 races)

2.0 REDHILL STAKES (3-y-o maidens: £1,822: 7f) (10 runners)
1 00-0200 ADMIRAL STEVE (B) (Mrs K. Seel) R. Hannon 8-0 A. McAlpine 3 5
2 00-0230 AULAIT (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 L. Piggott 3 5
3 00-0230 BENJAMIN (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 L. Piggott 3 5
4 00-0230 BOLD ROLLEY (B) (Commodore) G. Lewis 9-0 G. Stanton 3 5
5 00-0230 FAIRFAX (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 D. Dunlop 3 5
6 00-0230 PERFECT HORN (M. Farnham) G. Harwood 9-0 W. R. Swinburn 3 5
7 00-0230 ROYAL HUNTER (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 D. Dunlop 3 5
8 00-0230 INFLUENCE (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 P. Robinson 3 5
9 00-0230 SIB RHYTHM (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 P. Robinson 3 5
10 00-0230 SIB RHYTHM (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 P. Robinson 3 5

2.15 LEAF STAKES (3-y-o maidens: £1,822: 7f) (10 runners)
1 00-0230 ADMIRAL STEVE (B) (Mrs K. Seel) R. Hannon 8-0 A. McAlpine 3 5
2 00-0230 AULAIT (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 L. Piggott 3 5
3 00-0230 BENJAMIN (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 L. Piggott 3 5
4 00-0230 BOLD ROLLEY (B) (Commodore) G. Lewis 9-0 G. Stanton 3 5
5 00-0230 FAIRFAX (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 D. Dunlop 3 5
6 00-0230 PERFECT HORN (M. Farnham) G. Harwood 9-0 W. R. Swinburn 3 5
7 00-0230 ROYAL HUNTER (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 D. Dunlop 3 5
8 00-0230 INFLUENCE (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 P. Robinson 3 5
9 00-0230 SIB RHYTHM (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 P. Robinson 3 5
10 00-0230 SIB RHYTHM (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 P. Robinson 3 5

Newcastle

Draw advantage: Low numbers best
(Television: (ITV) 2.45 and 3.20 races)

2.15 LEAF STAKES (3-y-o maidens: £1,822: 7f) (10 runners)
1 00-0230 ADMIRAL STEVE (B) (Mrs K. Seel) R. Hannon 8-0 A. McAlpine 3 5
2 00-0230 AULAIT (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 L. Piggott 3 5
3 00-0230 BENJAMIN (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 L. Piggott 3 5
4 00-0230 BOLD ROLLEY (B) (Commodore) G. Lewis 9-0 G. Stanton 3 5
5 00-0230 FAIRFAX (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 D. Dunlop 3 5
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10 00-0230 SIB RHYTHM (R. Sangster) R. Hannon 8-0 P. Robinson 3 5

Ripon

Draw advantage: Low numbers best
(Television: (BBC) 12.20, 2.30 and 3.40 races)

2.0 MASSINGBOURNE AUDI VOLKSWAGEN HANDICAP (3-y-o: £2,557: 6f) (8 runners)
1 00-0400 AVALO MILEAGE R. Armstrong 8-7 P. Tulk 1
2 00-0400 FRIENDLY BOBBY (B) T. Farnham 8-1 R. Curran 1
3 00-0400 FAIR MADAME (B) B. Booth 8-1 R. Curran 1
4 00-0400 FLOWER DELL J. W. West 8-12 N. Common 1
5 00-0400 ORVILLE (B) B. Booth 8-1 R. Curran 1
6 00-0400 STANLEY M. H. Armstrong 8-4 P. Webster 1
7 00-0400 THORWIDE R. Armstrong 8-4 P. Webster 1
8 00-0400 THORWIDE R. Armstrong 8-4 P. Webster 1

Wolverhampton

Draw no advantage
2.0 ASTON STAKES (2-y-o maidens: £828: 5f) (12 runners)
1 00-0000 BALLYMULLIN (B) B. Booth 9-0 J. B. B. 5
2 00-0000 CODY JONES M. Stoute 9-0 A. B. B. 5
3 00-0000 CHARMAN (B) B. Booth 9-0 J. B. B. 5
4 00-0000 FALL GUY L. W. West 9-0 R. Curran 5
5 00-0000 SENDER HUNT M. Stoute 9-0 R. Curran 5
6 00-0000 BOSTON (B) D. Lang 8-11 J. B. B. 5
7 00-0000 BOSTON (B) D. Lang 8-11 J. B. B. 5
8 00-0000 BOSTON (B) D. Lang 8-11 J. B. B. 5
9 00-0000 BOSTON (B) D. Lang 8-11 J. B. B. 5
10 00-0000 BOSTON (B) D. Lang 8-11 J. B. B. 5
11 00-0000 BOSTON (B) D. Lang 8-11 J. B. B. 5
12 00-0000 BOSTON (B) D. Lang 8-11 J. B. B. 5

Chepstow

Draw advantage: 5f to 8f high
2.15 EBERHARD HANDICAP (apprentices: £1,182: 1m) (10 runners)
1 00-0210 BOLD DEALER (B) B. Booth 8-4 S. Whitworth 5
2 00-0210 RAINBOW DREAM A. Jones 4-3 C. Staines 4
3 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
4 00-0210 PEACEMAKER R. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
5 00-0210 LEMMONS R. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
6 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
7 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
8 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
9 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
10 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4

Goodwood

Draw advantage: 5f to 8f high
2.15 EBERHARD HANDICAP (apprentices: £1,182: 1m) (10 runners)
1 00-0210 BOLD DEALER (B) B. Booth 8-4 S. Whitworth 5
2 00-0210 RAINBOW DREAM A. Jones 4-3 C. Staines 4
3 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
4 00-0210 PEACEMAKER R. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
5 00-0210 LEMMONS R. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
6 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
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10 00-0210 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4

3.00 MORTONHAMPTON HURDLE (Novices: £2,272: 2m 150yds)
1 00-0000 BOLD DEALER (B) B. Booth 8-4 S. Whitworth 5
2 00-0000 RAINBOW DREAM A. Jones 4-3 C. Staines 4
3 00-0000 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
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3 00-0000 LON LON L. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
4 00-0000 PEACEMAKER R. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
5 00-0000 LEMMONS R. W. West 8-1 R. Curran 4
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